Saturday Review

May 31, 1975

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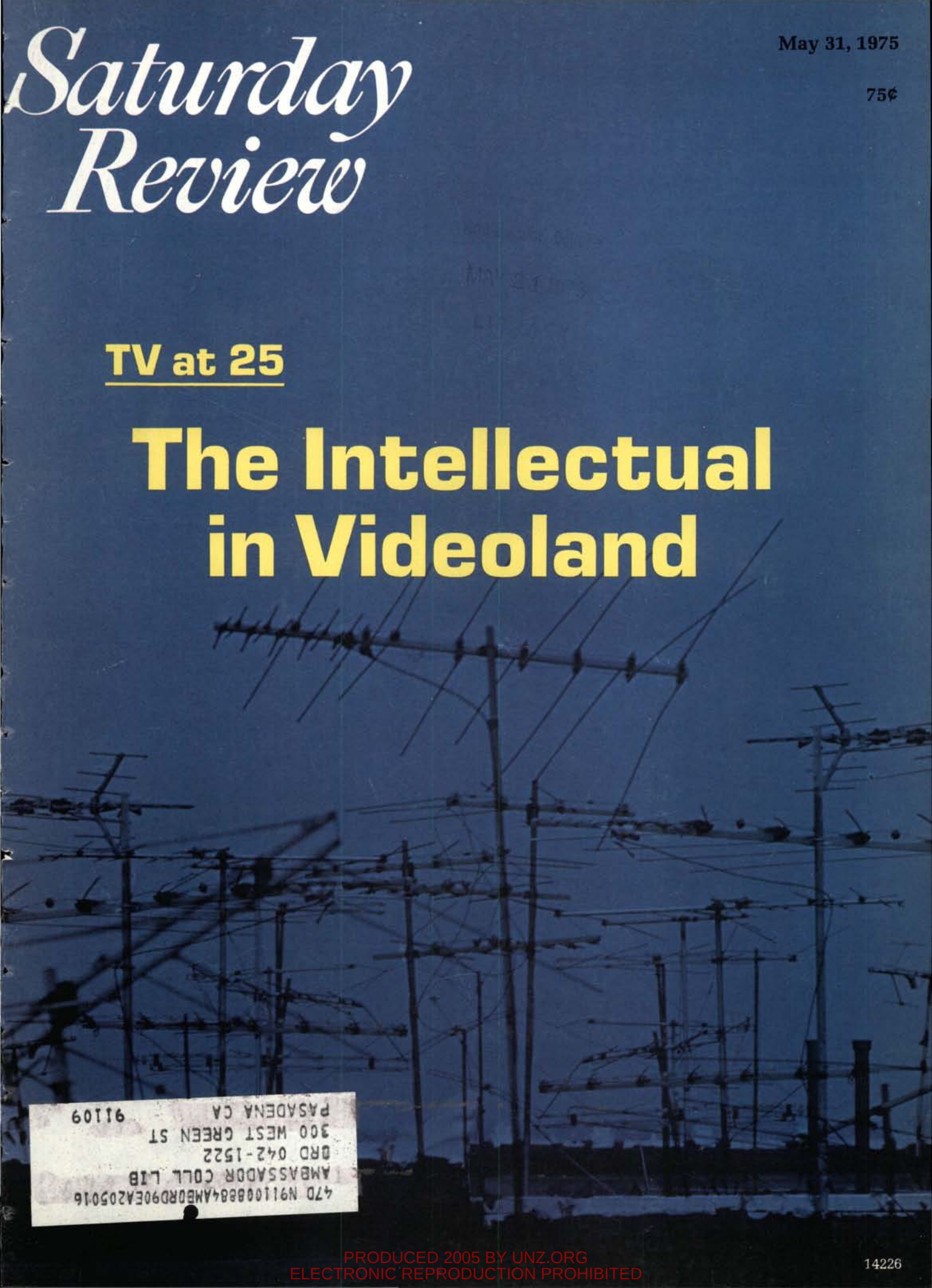

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IBM Reports

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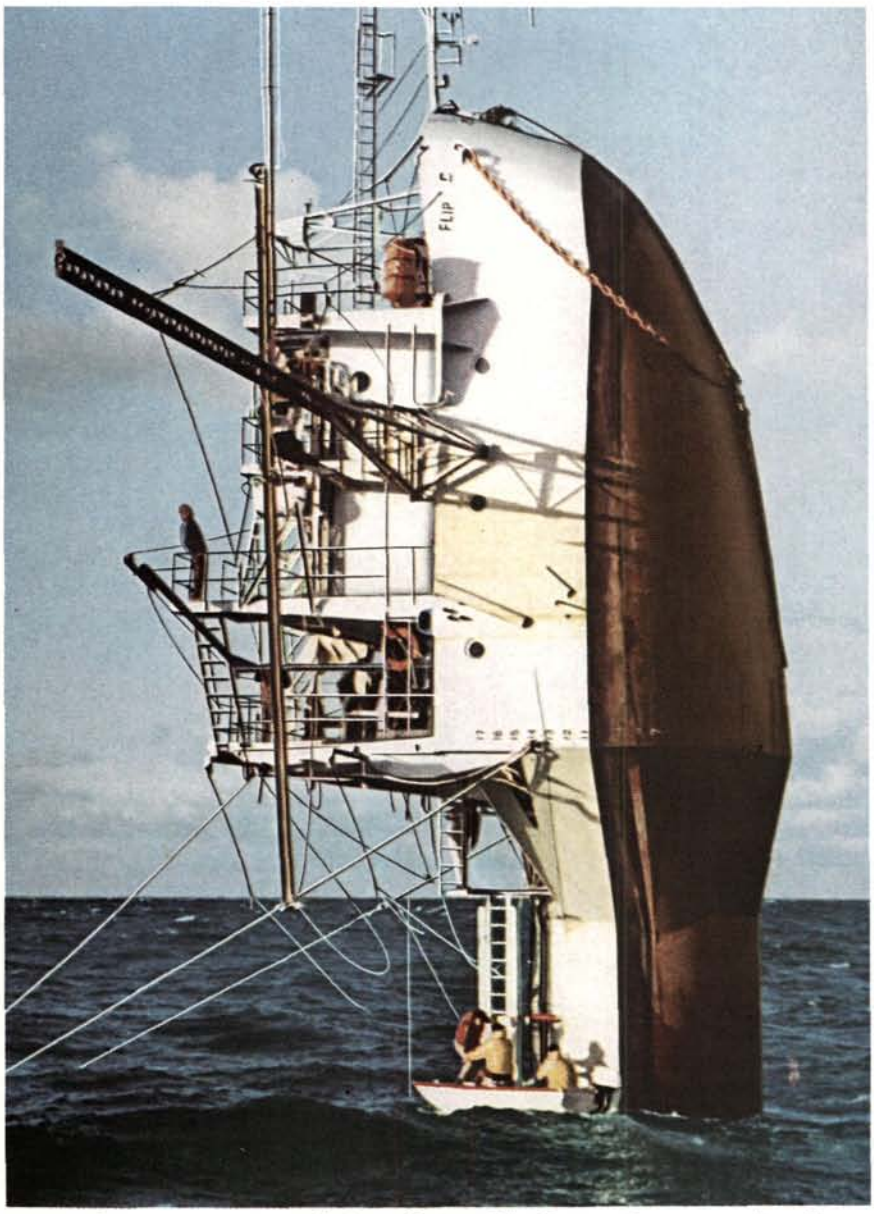

FLIP, a floating instrument platform designed by Scripps Institution, literally tips on end to gather information that may help forecast North America's weather.

Probing the secrets of the North Pacific

A very strange fleet has been working in the lonely waters of the North Pacific. It includes a 355-foot vessel that can float vertically like a giant thermometer, an instrument-packed buoy 30 feet in diameter, a Navy P-3 patrol plane, an earth satellite and a research craft with an IBM computer on board.

This fleet is engaged in a long-range project called NORPAX (North Pacific Experiment). It involves eight universities and is jointly financed by the Office of Naval Research and the National Science Foundation.

Since most of North America's weather systems result from conditions originating in this area, NORPAX was established to study the subtle relationships between the atmosphere and the ocean in this critical part of the world.

Each part of this curious fleet gathers data on such factors as the temperature, speed, depth and salinity of the ocean currents and the corresponding conditions of the atmosphere above them. This data is then fed to either the shipboard computer or directly to the computer at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, where all the information obtained is processed against known data.

"Reliable long-range weather prediction is still years away," says Dr. William Nierenberg, Director of Scripps, "but the computer is helping us see the cause and effect patterns that will one day make such forecasting possible."

Matching people and jobs

Wisconsin is one of several states now using the computer to help bring job seekers and jobs together.

At the heart of the system is a computer in Madison, which stores information on jobs and applicants, updated daily and made available to employment offices through a statewide job bank.

In Milwaukee, the state's principal job market, there are 54 video display terminals used by trained interviewers to help match up-to-the-minute job information with the right applicant.

The Wisconsin Job Service reports that in 1974 it filled over 77,000 jobs statewide. And since 1972, when the on-line computer system was installed in Milwaukee, the system has aided in increasing the number of jobs filled by 88%.

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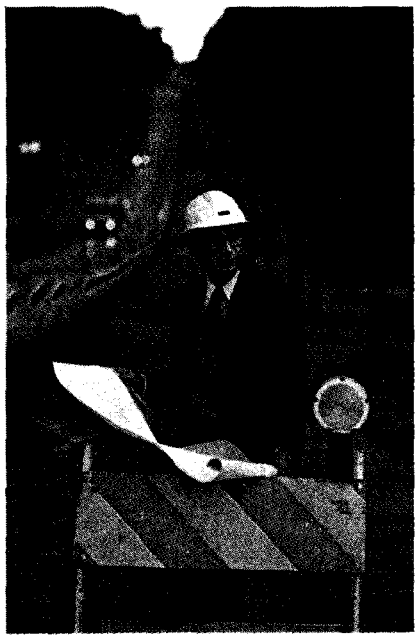
How Florida knows where it's going, 20 years down the road.

Florida's population growth rate is one of the highest in the country, so its transportation problems are tougher than most. Yet Florida is able to plan for many years ahead. The reason: computerized project control—a program development, management and scheduling system using IBM equipment. It can give immediate information, constantly updated from the field, on the costs and schedules of any project, anywhere in the state.



Tom Webb, Secretary of Transportation, examines blueprint of a Florida road improvement project.

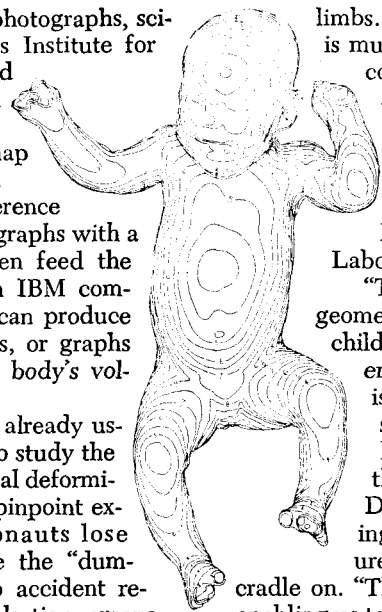
"We can think about the future, instead of being bogged down in the effort to cope with current transportation problems," says Secretary of Transportation Tom Webb.

He estimates that this system has also produced many millions of extra dollars over the last five years: partly by lowering costs, partly by reducing the need to tie up money far in advance, but mainly because his staff has been able to show state and federal officials where the money was needed and how it would be used. "We know the exact status of everything in production, of projects about to go into construction, and of those being planned as far out as 20 years."

Elsewhere, construction projects may be plagued by constant delays and the huge cost overruns that go with them. In Florida, with the help of the computer, many projects are being completed 2 to 5 years *ahead* of schedule. And the cost of the system has already paid for itself several times over in savings.

Maps of the body that may show us its future.

With just four photographs, scientists at the Texas Institute for Rehabilitation and Research in Houston can now make an accurate contour map of your whole body. They identify reference points on the photographs with a plotting device, then feed the information into an IBM computer. The system can produce maps, cross sections, or graphs that show how the body's volume is distributed.



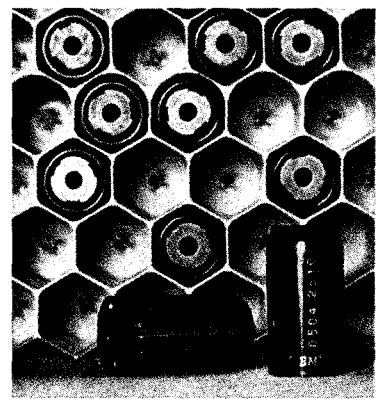
The Institute is already using this technique to study the development of spinal deformities in children, to pinpoint exactly where astronauts lose weight, to improve the "dummies" used in auto accident research, and to help plastic surgeons and the designers of artificial limbs. But its ultimate potential is much greater. It may give us completely new ways to diagnose, predict and prevent deformity. And possibly even disease, according to Dr. R. E. Herron, director of the Institute's Biostereometrics Laboratory.

"There is information in the geometry of the body form of a child at birth which is inherently tied to what that child is going to be when adult," says Dr. Herron. "We've hardly begun to measure the subtleties of growth." Dr. Herron is now conducting research which will measure those subtleties, from the cradle on. "The computer," he says, "is enabling us to extend our research into a wide range of uncharted fields."

Saving energy at shopping mall

An IBM computer is helping conserve energy at McAlister Square, a 13-acre enclosed shopping mall in Greenville, S.C. By monitoring the mall's heating and air conditioning system, the computer has helped reduce power costs while maintaining comfort levels for shoppers. The computer cuts down on peak demand and total power consumption by switching off blower motors when they are not essential.

"If we didn't have the computer, I would hate to see our power bills today," says Edmund M. Apperson, executive vice president of the Caine Company, which manages the mall. "I estimate our savings at 20 to 25 percent since we installed the computer. And at no time is the comfort of our customers and employees affected."



How to store more information for less

Engineers at IBM have developed a completely new system for storing computer information, using data-filled cartridges housed in honeycombed compartments.

As a result, the cost of storing a million characters of information in direct access storage has been reduced from a typical $25 per month ten years ago to approximately 50 cents per month today. And the system's total capacity is equal to the information that might be contained in well over 1500 sets of a thirty volume encyclopedia.

Large data users such as insurance companies and financial institutions will derive particular benefits from this breakthrough, called the IBM 3850 mass storage system.

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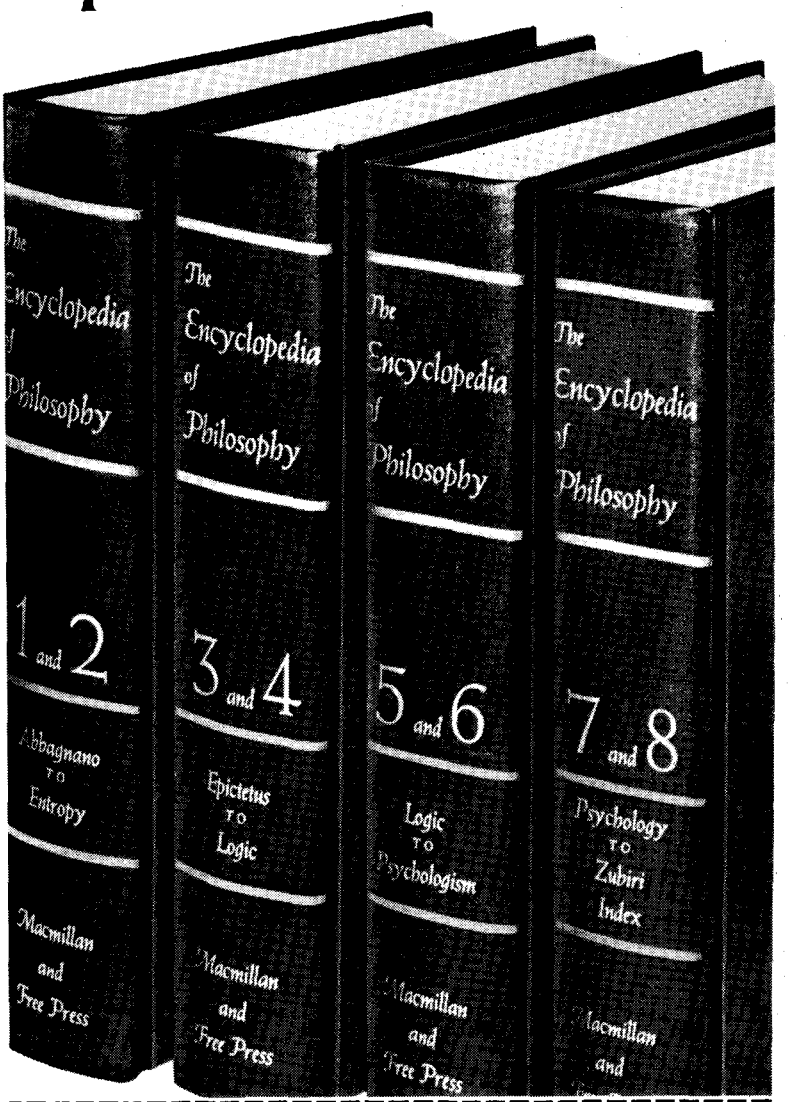

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Pain, Panic, and Pills

Americans are probably the most pain-conscious people on the face of the earth. For years we have had it drummed into us—in print, on radio, over television, in everyday conversation—that any hint of pain is to be banished as though it were the ultimate evil. As a result, we are becoming a nation of pill-grabbers and hypochondriacs, escalating the slightest ache into a searing ordeal.

We know very little about pain—and what we don't know makes it hurt all the more. No form of illiteracy in the United States is so widespread or costly as ignorance about pain—what it is, what causes it, how to deal with it without panic. Almost everyone can rattle off the names of at least a dozen drugs that can deaden pain for every conceivable cause—all the way from headaches to hemorrhoids. There is far less knowledge about the fact that 90 percent of pain is self-limiting, that it is not always an indication of poor health, and that, most frequently, it is the result of tension, stress, worry, idleness, boredom, frustration, suppressed rage, insufficient sleep, overeating, poorly balanced diet, smoking, excessive drinking, inadequate exercise, stale air, or any of the other abuses encountered by the human body in modern society.

The most ignored fact of all about pain is that the best way to eliminate it is to eliminate the abuse. Instead, many people reach almost instinctively for the pain-killers—aspirins, barbiturates, codeines, tranquilizers, sleeping pills, and dozens of other analgesics or desensitizing drugs.

Most doctors are profoundly troubled over the extent to which the medical profession today is taking on the trappings of a pain-killing industry. Their offices are overloaded with people who are morbidly but mistakenly convinced that something dreadful is about to happen to them. It is all too evident that the campaign to get people to run to a doctor at the first sign of pain has boomeranged. Physicians find it difficult to give adequate attention to patients genuinely in need of expert diagnosis and treatment because their time is soaked up by people who have nothing wrong with them except a temporary indisposition or a psychogenic ache.

Patients tend to feel indignant and insulted if the physician tells them he can find no organic cause for the pain. They tend to interpret the term "psychogenic" to mean that they are complaining of non-existing symptoms. They need to be educated about the fact that many forms of pain have no underlying physical cause but are the result, as mentioned earlier, of tension, stress, or hostile factors in the general environment. Sometimes a pain may be a manifestation of "conversion hysteria," the name given by Jean Martin Charcot, the famed nineteenth-century neurologist and teacher of Sigmund Freud, to physical symptoms that have their origins in emotional disturbances.

Obviously, it is folly for an individual to ignore symptoms that could be a warning of a potentially serious illness. Some people are so terrified of getting bad news from a doctor that they allow their malaise to worsen, sometimes past the point of no return. Total neglect is not the answer to hypochondria. The only answer has to be increased education about the way the human body works, so that more people will be able to steer an intelligent course between promiscuous pill-popping and irresponsible disregard of genuine symptoms.

Of all forms of pain, none is more important for the individual to understand than the "threshold" variety. Almost everyone has a telltale ache that is triggered whenever tension or fatigue reaches a certain point. It can take the form of a migraine-type headache or a squeezing pain deep in the abdomen or cramps or a pain in the lower back or even pain in the joints. The individual who has learned how to make the correlation between such threshold pains and their cause doesn't panic when they occur; he or she does something about relieving the stress and tension. Then, if the pain persists despite the absence of apparent cause, the individual will telephone the doctor.

If ignorance about the nature of pain is widespread, ignorance about the way pain-killing drugs work is even more so. What is not generally understood is that many of the vaunted pain-killing drugs conceal the pain without correcting the underlying condition. They deaden the mechanism in the body that alerts the brain to the fact that something may be wrong. The body can pay a high price for suppression of pain without regard to its basic cause.

Professional athletes are often prime examples of irresponsible treatment by trainers whose job it is to keep them in action. The more famous the athlete, the greater the risk that he or she may be subjected to extreme medical measures when injury strikes. The star baseball pitcher whose arm is sore because of a torn muscle or tissue damage may need sustained rest more than anything else. But his team is battling for a place in the World Series; so the trainer or team doctor, called upon to work his magic, reaches for a strong

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dose of butazoladine or other powerful pain suppressants. Presto, the pain disappears! The pitcher takes his place on the mound and does superbly. That could be the last game, however, in which he is able to throw a ball with full strength. The drugs didn't repair the torn muscle or cause the damaged tissue to heal. What they did was to mask the pain, enabling the pitcher to throw hard, further damaging the torn muscle. Little wonder that so many star athletes are cut down in their prime, more the victims of over-zealous treatment of their injuries than of the injuries themselves.

The king of all pain-killers, of course, is aspirin. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration permits aspirin to be sold without prescription, but the drug, contrary to popular belief, can be dangerous and, in sustained doses, potentially lethal. Aspirin is self-administered by more people than any other drug in the world. Some people are aspirin-poppers, taking 10 or more a day. What they don't know is that the smallest dose can cause internal bleeding. Even more serious perhaps is the fact that aspirin is antagonistic to collagen, which has a key role in the formation of connective tissue. Since many forms of arthritis involve disintegration of the connective tissue, the steady use of aspirin can actually intensify the underlying arthritic condition.

The reason why aspirin is prescribed so widely for arthritic patients is that it has an anti-inflammatory effect, apart from its pain-deadening characteristics. In recent years, however, medical researchers have suggested that the anti-inflammatory value of aspirin may be offset by the harm it causes to the body's vital chemistry. Doctors J. Hirsh, D. Street, J. F. Cade, and H. Amy, in the March 1973 issue of the professional journal *Blood*, showed that aspirin impedes the interaction between "platelet release" and connective tissue. In the *Annals of Rheumatic Diseases*, also in March 1973, Dr. P. N. Sperryn reported a significant blood loss in patients who were on heavy daily doses of aspirin. (It is not unusual for patients suffering from serious rheumatoid arthritis to take as many as 24 aspirin tablets a day.)

In the May 8, 1971, issue of *Lancet*, the English medical journal, Dr. M. A. Sahud and Dr. R. J. Cohn stated that the systematic use of aspirin by rheumatoid patients produces abnormally low plasma-ascorbic-acid levels. (Ascorbic acid is the technical term for Vitamin C.) The authors reported that aspirin blocks the "uptake of ascorbic acid into blood platelets." Since Vitamin C is essential in collagen formation, its depletion by aspirin would seem to run directly counter to the body's need to combat connective tissue breakdown in arthritic conditions. The *Lancet* article concludes that, at the very least, ascorbic acid should be administered along with aspirin to counteract its harmful effects.

Aspirin is not the only pain-killing drug, of course, that is known to have dangerous side effects. Dr. Daphne A. Roe, of Cornell University, at a recent medical meeting in New York City, presented startling evidence of a wide range of hazards associated with sedatives and other pain suppressants. Some of these drugs seriously interfere with the ability of the body to metabolize food properly, producing malnutrition. In some instances, there is also the danger of bone-marrow depression, interfering with the ability of the body to replenish its blood supply.

Pain-killing drugs are among the greatest advances in the history of medicine. Properly used, they can be a boon in alleviating suffering and in treating disease. But their indiscriminate and promiscuous use is making psychological cripples and chronic ailers out of millions of people. The unremitting barrage of advertising for pain-killing drugs, especially over television, has set the stage for a mass anxiety neurosis. Almost from the moment children are old enough to sit upright in front of a television screen, they are being indoctrinated into the hypochondriac's clamorous and morbid world. Little wonder so many people fear pain more than death.

It might be a good idea if concerned physicians and educators could get together to make knowledge about pain an important part of the regular school curriculum. As for the populace at large, perhaps some of the same techniques used by public-service agencies to make people cancer-conscious can be used to counteract the growing terror of pain and illness in general. People ought to know that nothing is more remarkable about the human body than its recuperative drive, given a modicum of respect. If our broadcasting stations cannot provide equal time for responses to the pain-killing advertisements, they might at least set aside a few minutes each day for common-sense remarks on the subject of pain. As for the Food and Drug Administration, it might be interesting to know why an agency that has so energetically warned the American people against taking vitamins without prescriptions is doing so little to control over-the-counter sales each year of billions of pain-killing pills, some of which can do more harm than the pain they are supposed to suppress. N.C.

"My psychotherapy is progressing wonderfully—I'm off tranquilizers and on placebos!"

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Letters From Readers

Law or Order

The concept of "illegal evidence" seems precious to the legal profession ("The Rise of Police Logic," April 5). To the ordinary citizen, however, it is a confusing and highly suspicious idea. "Illegal" might better be translated as selective or discretionary. Why should not *all* evidence pertaining to a law violation or criminal act be considered? Why is some evidence allowed, some excluded? . . .

Mr. Arons laments the case of two young men arrested while driving on the public streets. One was driving without a license; both had narcotics in their possession. Mr. Arons blithely dismisses these facts as being insignificant and agonizes because: (1) the officers searched them, and (2) the officers should have anticipated the situation—clairvoyantly—and secured a search warrant. . . .

A police force exists to detect and deter crime and to apprehend the criminal. Either that is an unassailable fact, or we may as well disband the police and rely on the legal profession to fight crime with legally justified warrants. The cases cited are minor, relatively, but the principle is major. . . .

John A. Williams
San Diego, Calif.

Peace Through Compromise

Longtime students of the problems of the Middle East cannot help being impressed by the report of Norman Cousins on his recent, although brief, trip to Cairo, Beirut, and Jerusalem ("Last Chance in the Middle East?" March 22).

Mr. Cousins's treatment of Sadat's position and the general situation in Egypt was indeed insightful. . . .

One must raise a serious question concerning the otherwise perceptive summary of what was learned on this trip. It has to be wondered how the moderate Arab spokesmen who pointed out the American penchant for stereotyping Arabs will read Mr. Cousins's conclusions: ". . . only if the Arab world gives up . . ."; ". . . opening of Arab borders to Israel." How about vice versa? What must *Israel* do, both in thought and acts, to match what the Arabs must do, to achieve the *Salaam* so urgently desired by Israel? . . .

Walton A. Raitt
Director, International Relations
University of the Pacific
Stockton, Calif.

It was with much interest that I read Norman Cousins's article on the Middle East. . . .

During the many years that Dr. Malik served as the Lebanese representative to the United Nations, his rhetoric concerning Israel was no more conciliatory than that of any other Arab representative. Unfortunately, the statesmen of the Middle East are moderate and reasonable only in private conversation, while their public utterances are generally intransigent. This is one of the confusing ironies that visitors to the Middle East soon learn—that Arab spokesmen are more complex and conciliatory in private than they would dare to be in public, and more interesting, too. In public they seem to be like prisoners of the most extremist points of view. . . .

Rabbi Judea B. Miller
Rochester, N.Y.

Crucial Consequences

K. Jason Sitewell, in his review of A. A. Scanlon's unique book *Illegal Separation* (*New Books*, April 5), has inadvertently, or deliberately, slighted some of the most interesting issues raised. . . .

Any claimant going into a Court of Equity—and surely the Scanlon suggestion that the Court of St. James may sue in the U.S. Supreme Court for the gold in Ft. Knox is an equity matter—must come *with clean hands* (or as the Latin would have it, "*Post hoax, ergo propter hoax*").

Now who would be bringing this case but the House of Hanover, Windsor being a mere cosmetic change? George I came to the throne as a direct result of one of the most blatant acts of religious discrimination in history. . . . It is clear that the House of Stuart was excluded from the succession solely because it was *Catholic*.

Therefore, before the Hanovers could present their claim, it would be necessary that the Equal Employment Oppor-

"Emily, I've just cleared my desk and am taking the afternoon off."

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tunity Commission, proceeding to London if necessary, should determine whether the Stuarts had been illegally discriminated against and were entitled to compensation from the Hanovers or their employers, the successive governments of England. . . .

David H. Scull
Annandale, Va.

. . . The prospect that the American Revolution was illegal and that we may still be a colony of Great Britain provides a good deal of hope at a rather dreary period of our history. We should jump at the chance to regain our lost colonyhood. . . .

Let me point out a few modest ways in which this status would immediately improve things for us here in the States. . . .

For nearly 200 years we have been trying to make taxation with representation work, and I think all of us would be happier to return to taxation *without* representation. Then someone else, not us, would be responsible for the inequities that bear down on us every April 15.

All the world would be playing the same-size golf ball. . . .

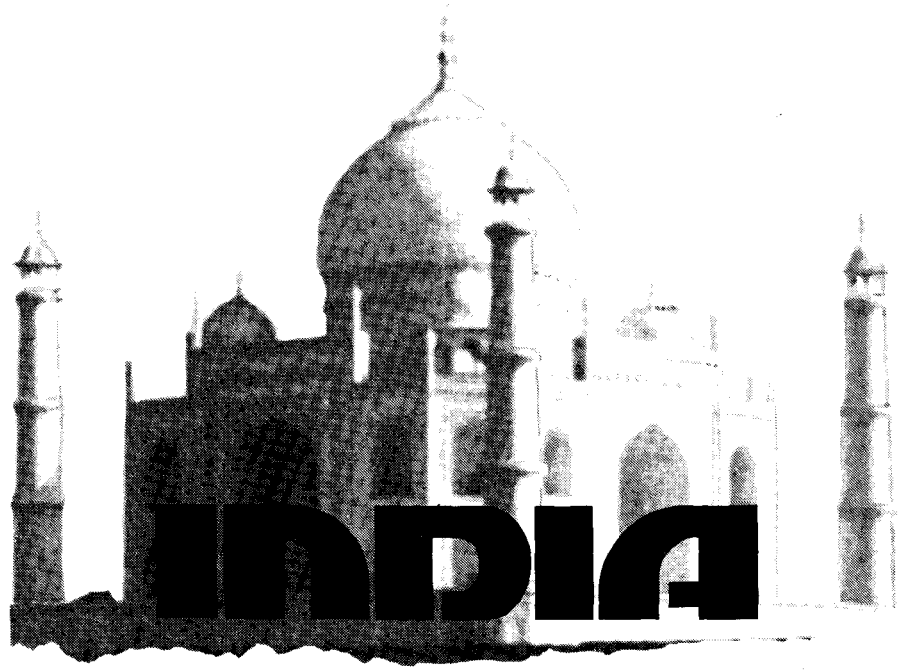
Since the BBC would be our very own, we could turn off its programs instead of being forced to watch them on underpowered public broadcasting stations because they are Culture imported from an older country. I suppose the change would make Alistair Cooke a man without a country, but then you can't have everything.

There are also economic benefits. Our problem in the States is that we keep figuring out how to make more and more things with fewer people. This causes unemployment. . . . But the British are masters at using a lot of people and taking a long time to make fewer things. . . .

I suppose there will be a few minor problems. For one thing, I can't for the life of me figure out what we should do about the DAR. Nonetheless, I think we all owe thanks to K. Jason Sitewell for offering us a vision of hope at a time when, as one of our leaders told us just the other day, we stand at a crossroads of history.

Samuel C. Brightman
Washington, D.C.

Editor's Note: Patricia and Lester Brooks's *How to Buy a Condominium* ("The Condo Craze," May 3) will be published by Stein & Day, not Doubleday as mentioned.



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World Progress Report

The Grass Is Greener

For American beef cattle, the easy life is becoming harder to get. Corn and soybean meal, staples that make feedlot life pleasant for the cattle and profitable for the cattlemen, are becoming increasingly expensive. The result is that well-bred cattle are being turned out to more modest homes on the range to dine on grass.

But the pampered animal that readily puts on pounds of well-marbled prime meat in the luxury of the feedlot doesn't fatten as well when it is obliged to forage for itself. Answering the call for a range-adapted animal, out of the West come the thundering hoofbeats of the *beefalo*, a massive, meaty cross between the legendary American bison and the modern beef cow. The beefalo was developed after years of intensive breeding in an attempt to overcome the tendency of most crosses between different species to produce sterile offspring, like mules. The new animal, a critter that nature would never dream of in an eternity of evolution, reportedly grazes as economically as the buffalo while it gains weight faster than a beef cow.

According to one avid beefalo fan, California breeder J. D. Basolo, lower feed costs and high fertility make beefalos as much as 40 percent cheaper to raise than ordinary cattle. And, claims Basolo, the beefalo meat is higher in protein and lower in fat as well.

Second Skin

Even after the immediate injury is past, those who suffer extensive burns are left vulnerable to dangerous infection and fluid loss because of the destruction of protective skin cover. In many cases the victims do not have enough uninjured skin remaining for transplanting to the burned area, and their natural immunity triggers the rejection of skin that is transplanted from other donors.

According to a team of researchers from Children's Hospital in Akron, Ohio, successful treatment of such severe cases is promised by a new method that enables human skin to be grown in the laboratory. The two doctors, Howard Igel and Aaron Freemon, announced at a meeting of burn specialists last year that they had taken only a single square inch of uninjured skin from a burn victim. From this they had grown 50 square inches of new skin in only three weeks.

In their technique a small sample of original skin is chopped up and placed on a pigskin base. When the human skin has grown to the required size, it is placed over the burn along with the pigskin, which acts as a protective dressing—already a common use for pigskin. The pigskin dries and flakes away as the new skin takes hold to cover the tissue exposed by the burn.

The Ohio doctors reported that their method had been tested on only "a few" cases, with encouraging success. In one case the treatment was used to repair the skin damage suffered by a seven-year-old girl with major burns on her arms, chin, chest, and back.

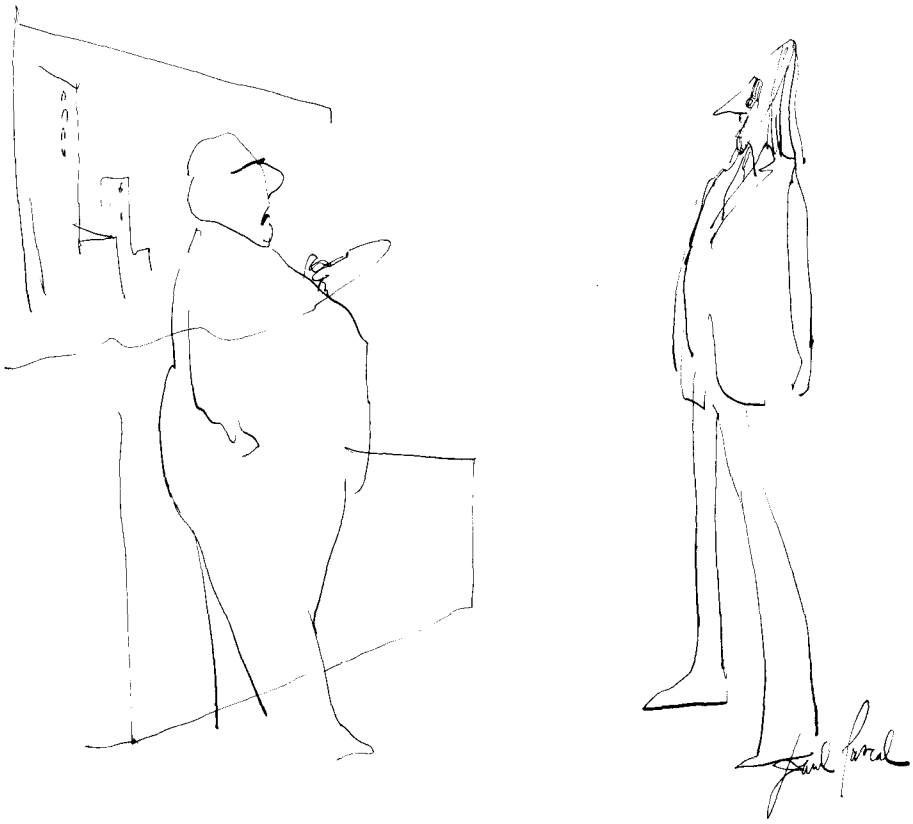
Low Finance

Political reformers have long complained that lobbyists with unlimited expense accounts enjoy unfair access to the hearts and minds of legislators. A new law on the books in California offers some hope that such traditional corruption of the political process may at least be curbed, if not eliminated. Among the law's moral commandments:

- Professional lobbyists promoting legislation or operating before state agencies may not spend more than a stingy $10 a month on wining and dining state officials and buying them gifts.
- Officials are prohibited from voting on questions or legislation in which they have any personal financial interest.
- Officials must register the name and the address of any campaign donor giving more than $50.
- Spending for all statewide campaigns is limited to a few cents for each vote cast for the same office in the previous election.
- Campaign spending by an incumbent is limited to 90 percent of the amount allowed a challenger.

So far, according to a survey by *The New York Times*, the ceiling on high living has had a noticeable chilling effect on business at fancy restaurants and watering places around the state capitol in Sacramento. Evidently, California voters are expecting the new law's strict campaign spending provisions to come into full force next election year. The reform legislation was supported by 70 percent of the voters in the last election, the largest support ever won by a ballot measure in California history.

ANTHONY WOLFF



"Frankly, Hepworth, you don't render enough unto Caesar."

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

Did You Hear the One About...?

During these joyless, jittery times of unemployment, Vietnam, inflation, Vietnam, rent rises, Vietnam, and the TV summer reruns, which began this past winter, I've had a greater than usual demand for funny stories that might contribute to the ambience of a family dinner and lift the pervasive gloom.

A friend, who is a mother of three, phoned to ask for help. Her husband, after a bad day in our free-market enterprise system, had been coming to the table in no mood to bite the renowned bullet, which has become our nation's entrée of a three-course meal.

"He just sits there," she told me, "never speaking, the children never talk. He is terribly depressed."

"Just a minute," I said. "He is not depressed. Our President has told us this is not a depression. It's a recession. Your husband may be recessed, but not depressed."

"Whichever," she replied. "What I wanted is some funny stories so I could liven things up and get his mind off his troubles. Last night all I said was 'How's business?' "

"That was a mistake."

"Was it ever! He really got depressed. Or recessed. So tell me a funny story."

So I told her a funny story. The one about the mother speaking to her son, who is lying in bed. "Wake up, sleepyhead. Time to go to school," she said. The son pulled the cover over his head and said, "I'm not going to school. I'm not ever going to school again." Mother was appalled. "Are you sick?" He said, "No, I'm sick of school. They hate me. They throw things at me. They call me names. They make fun of me. They laugh at me. Why should I?" The mother replied, "There are two good reasons why you should go to school. First, you're 42 years old, and second, you're the principal."

My friend laughed and thanked me. She phoned the next morning and told me the joke did not get a laugh, from her husband or her brood. They just sat there and brooded.

"Maybe you told it wrong," I said. "How did you tell it?"

"Just the way you told me. The mother said to her little boy in bed—"

"That was why right there. You can't say, 'little boy,' because in a minute he's going to be 42 years old."

"Oh, I see," she said. "That was dumb of me. Do you have any of those dumb Polish jokes?"

"No. I think it's dumb to tell dumb jokes about any ethnic group, because no group has a monopoly on dumbness. A good joke does not depend on race, creed, or color. Unless you're Archie Bunker. Don't you agree?"

"Well, yes. I mean no; I mean maybe. Sometimes it's funnier if you say he's Polish or Irish or—"

"Or Scandinavian?"

"Well, I never told any Scandinavian jokes, but—"

"How's the yoga coming?"

"Why not? There must be some dumb Scandinavians, too. We have enough divisiveness in this country without multiplying it by slurring any particular ethnic group. Here's a joke you can tell tonight. It was told to me as a dumb Polish joke. It's a funny one, but I'm going to tell it my way:

"Two young dumb brothers each had $150 in cash, and they owned a truck. So they decided to go into business. They bought 300 watermelons at a dollar apiece, which they sold at a dollar apiece. Then they bought 300 more watermelons, which they sold at a dollar apiece. They repeated the operation, buying and selling at the same price. At the end of a long, hard day, they settled down to count their money. They had $300.

"The one brother said to the other, 'After all that work you'd think we'd have a little more than we started with.'

"The other brother agreed, saying, 'I know where we went wrong. What we need is a larger truck.' "

MY FRIEND CALLED the next morning to say she told the joke just as I had told it. No ethnic references. Only one thing—at breakfast her 14-year-old son had said, "Mom, that was a great joke you told about those dumb Polish brothers." She said that when the boy said that, she delivered my lecture: that it was dumb to tell dumb jokes about any ethnic group, and so on. But as her children left for school, she overheard the boy say to his sister, "I think Mom's cracking up." They start young. And now I'm going to tell *you* one, dear reader. Listen carefully; I may ask questions later.

Emily, a maid, had been in the employ of an elderly couple for 12 years. One day she came to them and said she was resigning. Why? Because she was pregnant. That evening they thought it over and made her a proposition. If they adopted the baby, would she stay on? She said she would.

A year later she was back again. Resigning. Pregnant again. They thought that over and made her the same proposition. They adopted the second child, and she stayed on. Another year passed, and this time she said she was not only resigning but was quitting for sure.

"Why?" they asked. "Pregnant again?"

"No," she replied. "It's just that I can't work in a house with children in it."

My question to you, quickly: how many of you thought of the maid being black? Let's see a show of hands.

I was afraid of that. □

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The "Watergate Babies"

by Russell Warren Howe and Sarah Hays Trott

Washington

Capitol Hill is being shaken nowadays by seismic legislative rumblings—rumblings that signify the wholesale toppling of House and senatorial institutions long thought inviolable. Since the House convened in January, it has all but killed the seniority system, replaced some autocratic chairmen of key committees, and made the caucus—its entire Democratic membership—all-powerful. It has passed "sunshine" rules opening up committee and House-Senate conference sessions to public gaze and generally made it nearly impossible for chairmen to bottle up legislation or otherwise frustrate the caucus's will. It has even eliminated Richard M. Nixon's original career-launching pad—the House Internal Security (formerly Un-American Activities) Committee.

The House fever has spread to the Senate, which has passed similar sunshine rules, made it easier to cut off filibusters, put more liberals on major committees, and adopted more liberal committee-chairmanship selection procedures. Thus armed for action and faced with a weak White House, the Ninety-fourth Congress is offering itself as the valid alternative to the once imperial Presidency. Now it has little more than 12 months—until the 1976 campaigns begin—to succeed or fail.

The initial priority on the Democrats' docket is a program for fighting recession, inflation, and unemployment that is sufficiently successful to make the Congress look better than the Ford White House. The first battlefields were chosen for the Democrats by President Ford himself—taxes and energy. The public distaste for both taxes and oil producers, foreign and domestic, gives the Democrats an undoubted edge.

Reformers—led by ultra-liberal William J. Green of Philadelphia and including freshmen like Anthony "Toby" Moffett of Connecticut, M. Robert Carr of Michigan, Thomas R. Harkin of Iowa, and Edward W. Pattison of New York—won passage for an oil-depletion allowance cutoff clause in the House tax-cut bill. Other urgent issues awaiting action include national health insurance, the environment, arms spending, and education.

CONGRESSIONAL REFORM has been due in part to the arrival of 75 new House Democrats—younger, angrier, more liberal, and "cocky as all hell," as one House aide puts it—who have supplied some gray-haired liberals with the needed muscle and votes to cease tilting at windmills and start slaying dragons. Although most of the more active freshmen were mavericks who had won election by fighting the Democratic Party Establishment as much as the Nixon legacy, they did not buck the system to accomplish their goals so much as skillfully exploit rules already passed by their seniors. Disparate ideologically, the freshman class has retained until now a cohesion that veteran Capitol Hill observers originally dismissed as a nine-day wonder. More conservative about spending than liberals have traditionally been, and faced with a floundering economy requiring deficit-producing tax cuts, they and the rest of the Democratic majority face the daunting problem of making bricks without much straw.

Some freshmen say that their only hope of re-election in 1976 is to do the "controversial thing." Others like Moffett, a tousled, effervescent, former street-gang social worker and consumer advocate, point out that the majority for pushing through courageous legislation may never exist again, and they say that it would be better to risk all and achieve something than to stay in Congress by "blowing it."

House Democrats now outnumber Republicans by 289 to 144, with two vacant seats. Although over 30 of the Democrats are southern conservatives, a veto override vote of 291 is today within easy reach on many issues: the Republican contingent is now also more liberal, because most losing Republicans were conservatives. But the size and political diversity of the freshman class make continued political unity difficult, just as the size of the Democratic majority makes party unity as a whole difficult. Building their congressional careers and responding to constituent pressures will

"If we're dropping out of this money-grubbing society, why are we thumbing for a ride in one of their materialistic conveyances?"

Washington freelance reporters Howe and Trott are writing a book about foreign lobbyists.

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further divide the Young Turks or "Watergate babies," as they are known; getting re-elected in 1976 is already much more the name of the game than it was during the heady chairmanship battles of January. Says Dean of the House Wright Patman, one of the deposed chairmen (Banking, Currency and Housing Committee): "They'll split up like everyone else."

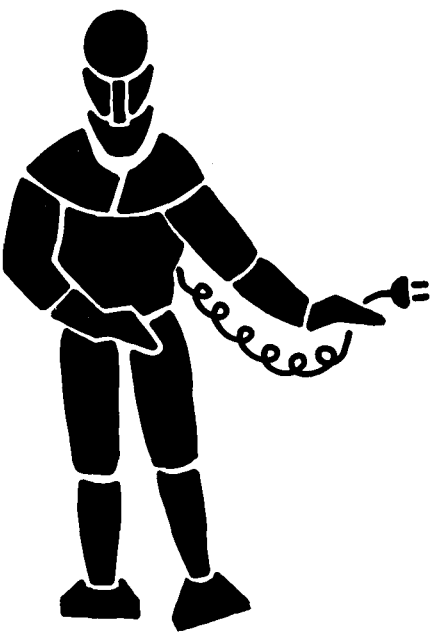
But to the freshmen's advantage, the Democratic leadership is already disunited, with Speaker Carl Albert of Oklahoma, Majority Leader "Tip" O'Neill of Massachusetts, and Caucus Chairman Phillip Burton of California warming up for a bruising struggle for the speakership. All three are wooing reformers, old and new. Albert, who has gone along with House reforms, starts off with new leverage: the caucus has given him—as Steering and Policy Committee chairman—authority to make Democratic committee assignments and, as Speaker, to nominate Democratic members of the powerful Rules Committee.

THUS THE DIMINUTIVE OKLAHOMAN has unprecedented power over legislative priorities. But, although well liked personally, Albert has been rated a flabby leader in the past. O'Neill, next in line for the speakership (Albert, 67 years old, is thought to be planning retirement in 1976 or 1978), is also assiduously courting the reformers—who are, however, the natural constituency for the hard-working, power-hungry Burton, an unabashed liberal with a 91 percent rating from Americans for Democratic Action (ADA).

On the President's side of the House, Minority Leader John Rhodes of Arizona gingerly leads a shrunken force united only by adversity and the need to establish a separate identity from an unprestigious White House. Significant in the Democratic chairmanship battles was the role played by public-interest lobbies, notably the National Committee for an Effective Congress (NCEC), which is mostly funded by liberal Republicans and led by a registered Republican, Russell D. Hemenway. The NCEC funded 49 new Democratic candidates in 1974—35 of whom were elected—and provided the freshmen with a headquarters when they first came to Washington in December; Hemenway has been quoted as saying that next year the NCEC will throw most of its support to liberal Republicans trying to unseat incumbent Republican mossbacks.

"The arrival of 75 new House Democrats . . . supplied some gray-haired liberals with the needed muscle to cease tilting at windmills and start slaying dragons."

Older congressmen have mixed opinions about the Watergate babies. Wayne Hays, of Ohio who says he's been "impressed by their intelligence, their ability to do a lot of work and spend a lot of time in sessions learning things, and their discriminating judgment," notes that they were only one faction in the reforms: "The 75 couldn't have done it by themselves." Congressman Morris K. Udall of Arizona, a Presidential hopeful, referring to the overthrow of 81-year-old populist Wright Patman of Texas by 63-



year-old Henry S. Reuss of Wisconsin, notes wryly: "The House is the only place where you can lead a youth rebellion and take your grandchildren along." Says Patman himself: "One mistake the national media have made is to interpret everything that's happened since December as reform, but some of this was personal ambition covered by the smoke screen of reform."

Hays, however, agrees with the Young Turks that "the whole tenor of the country is to be more intense, more demanding, more searching." This more critical atmosphere in the country "can help Congress deal with the vested interests," he says, "but it can also make it more difficult for Congress to do some of the things that really need to be done."

Moffett is more optimistic: "The people may be finally getting ahead of their representatives, as the Founding Fathers hoped they would when they gave the House a two-year term." But Hays notes that, "in the Congress, 535 people have to make up their collective mind, whereas in the Executive you have one individual who has to make up his mind; so if he's smart and aggressive while the collective group is feuding and fussing . . ." The Ohioan adds that the House, "which goes to the polls every two years, is an accurate reflection of the voters' wishes" but lacks the freedom of senators—who are elected for terms three times as long—to be more independent of their constituents.

Moffett, however, finds that the House "still doesn't seem to mirror the sense of urgency that is in the rest of the country. Washington is such a fantasy-land. I don't know why we don't work six full days a week and why we don't go into evening sessions in the committees."

Of the 75 Democratic freshmen—a quarter of all House Democrats—perhaps 45 are genuine reform activists. To try to keep all or most of the 75 as a cohesive voting block, the freshman class has formed its own peer-group committee, under a six-month rotating chairmanship, along with special subcommittees to mold freshman policy on key issues. The six-month-chairmanship rule and the choice of plodding, uncontroversial Carroll Hubbard, Jr., of Kentucky as the first incumbent reflect the concern of many freshmen that none of the early headline winners among the group, such as Moffett and Indiana's Floyd J. Fithian, should be considered a "leader" of the new congressmen. Handsome, tall, highly self-assured Timothy E. Wirth of Colorado says: "No one is supposed to get his nose out front, although some would like to."

The first purely freshman bill was produced in March by 40 new congressmen, led by Herbert Harris of Virginia, Jerome Ambro of New York, Andrew Maguire of New Jersey, George Miller of California, and Moffett. It offered consumer-oriented alternatives to the official Democratic energy program. The freshmen opposed raising gasoline prices

(Continued on page 48.)

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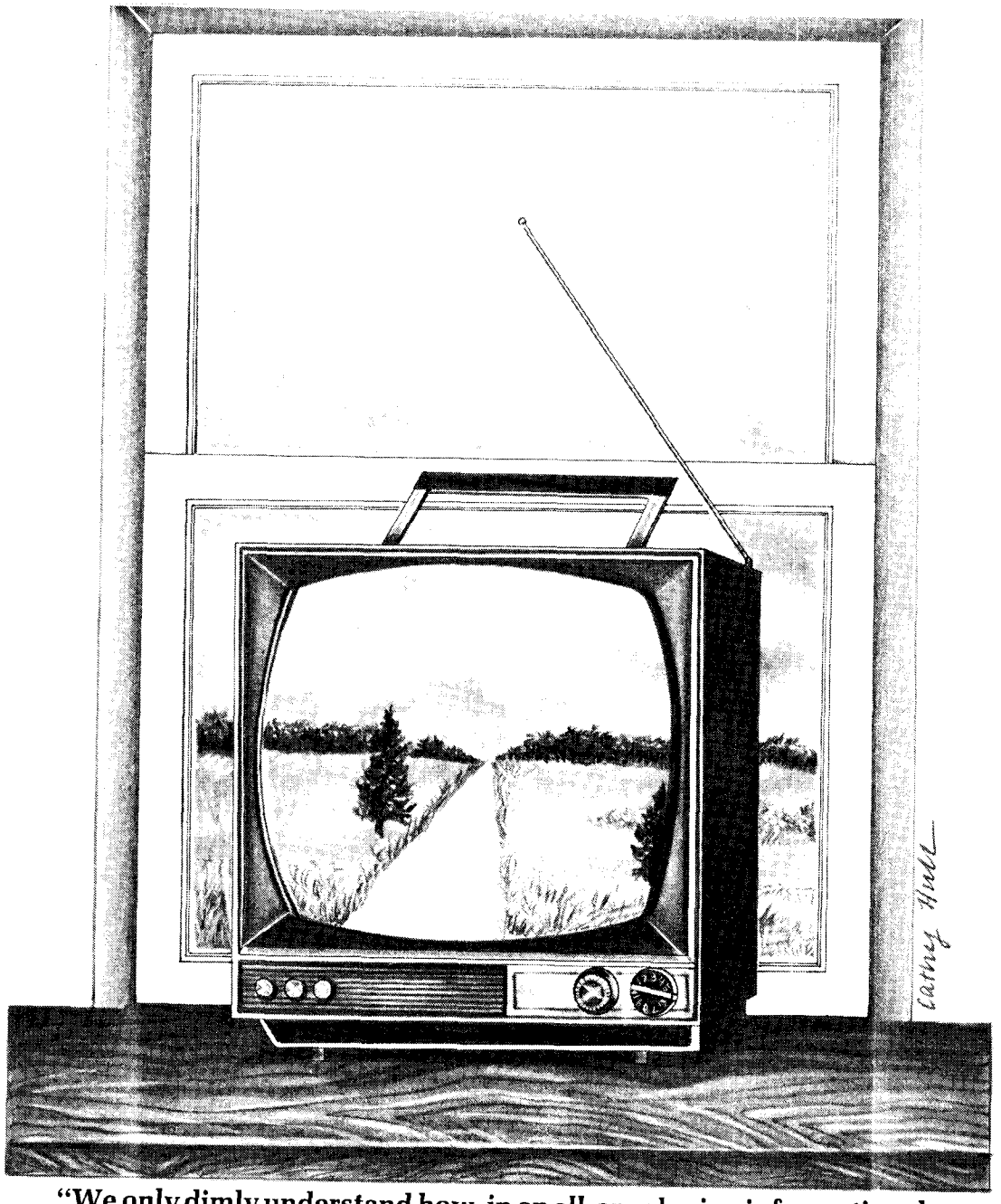

Cathy Hull

"We only dimly understand how, in an all-enveloping informational environment, man chisels his little statues of perceived reality."

THE INTELLECTUAL IN VIDEOLAND

With 25 years of commercial television under his belt, the bewildered TV viewer now confronts yet another, more radical communications revolution.

by Douglass Cater

On a hot summer night in 1968 I was sitting in my Washington home, watching TV coverage of the disastrous Democratic convention in Chicago. Suddenly, all hell broke loose where the Wisconsin delegation was seated. TV cameras quickly zoomed in, of course, and reporters rushed to the area with walkie-talkies.

The whole nationwide TV audience thus knew in an instant what the uproar was all about. But Speaker Carl Albert, who was presiding over the convention, didn't have a clue, and he was the one who had to decide what to do about

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it. There, in microcosm, one saw how our leadership can be hustled by the formidable communications system of television.

No doubt about it, television is a looming presence in American life, even though most of us hardly know what to make of the medium. It arrived so swiftly and so totally: in January 1949 only 2.3 percent of American homes had the box with the cathode-ray tube. Five years later television had penetrated more than half of our homes. Today, 97 percent of them have one or more sets—a distribution roughly matching that of indoor plumbing. With American TV approaching its quarter-century anniversary as a household phenomenon, one might think we would by now have devoted serious attention to the effects of this medium on our culture, our society, our lives. Certainly, we might expect at this point to be trying to anticipate the consequences of the even more enveloping telecommunications environment that lies ahead. Yet, as the prescient Mr. Marconi predicted a long time ago, telecommunications has become part of the "almost unnoticed working equipment of civilization."

Why unnoticed? What has prevented thinking people from applying their critical faculties to this medium, which reaches greater masses than do all the other mass media combined (the number of sets in U.S. homes is nearly double the total daily circulation of newspapers)? Why haven't more of our talented scholars been attracted to the study of this new environment? Why do the media themselves devote so little attention to serious television analysis and criticism? Why have our foundations provided only very limited resources for the study of communications, which is as fundamental to society as education, health, and the physical environment?

I WOULD SUGGEST three reasons for these failures. In the first place, scientific evidence suggests that thinking people—at least those over 25—are left-brained in development. That is, they rely mainly on the left hemisphere, which controls sequential, analytical tasks based on the use of propositional thought. But TV, we are informed, appeals mainly to the *right* hemisphere of the brain, which controls appositional—that is, non-sequential, non-analytic—thought.

Scientists and theologians alike have pondered how the two halves of the brain relate—whether they ignore, inhibit, cooperate, or compete with each other, or simply take turns at the control center. Whole cultures seem to show a preference for one or the other mode of thought, and thinking people of the Western world up until now have plighted their troth with propositional thought. After five centuries of slowly acquired sophistication in distinguishing the truth from the trickery transmitted by Mr. Gutenberg's invention, we now find ourselves having to master the nonlinear logic created by a steady bombardment of sights and sounds on our senses. The thinking person is therefore apt to be somewhat bewildered by the telly and to regard it in the same way that a backsliding prohibitionist regards hard liquor—as something to be indulged in with a sense of guilt.

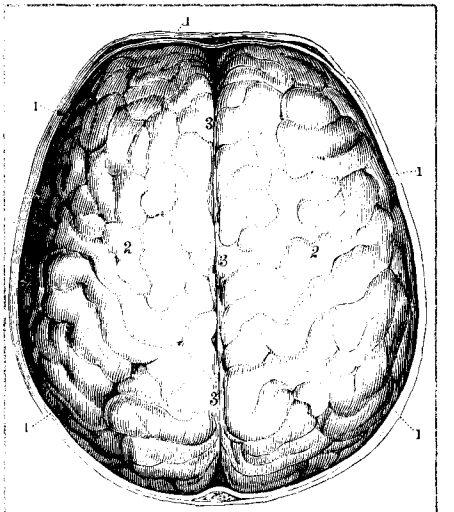
According to *Television and the Public,* Robert T. Bower's analysis of viewing habits, the "educated viewer" has learned to live with ambivalence: although he may be scornful of commercial TV fare, "he watches the set (by his own admission) as much as others during the evening and weekend hours; . . . even when he had a clear choice between an information program and some standard entertainment fare, he was just as apt as others to choose the latter."

The peculiar structure of the American television industry is a second reason why the thinking person refuses to think seriously about the medium. The broadcast industry is based on a marketplace unlike any other in our private enterprise economy. Broadcasting offers its product "free" to the consumer and depends on advertising to supply, by the latest count, gross annual revenues of $4.5 billion. As a result, commercial TV's prime allegiance is to the merchant, not to the viewer. To attract the advertising dollar, the programmer seeks to capture the dominant portion of the viewers and to hold them unblinking for the longest period of time. Everything else is subordinated to this dogged pursuit of mankind in the mass. A program attracting many millions of viewers is deemed a failure and discarded if it happens to be scheduled opposite a program attracting even more millions.

Within this iron regime of dollars and ratings, a few ghettos of do-goodism exist. Network news and documentaries, as well as occasional dramas of exceptional quality, reveal an upward striving in television (some cynics dismiss this as tithing to the federal regulators). But these programs fare poorly in the competition for television's most precious commodity—time. A former network news chief has remarked of TV management, "They don't mind how much money and talent we devote to producing documentaries so long as we don't ask for prime-time evening hours to show them." Even the daylight hours have to be tightly rationed when the real-life marathon melodramas of Washington start competing with the soap operas of Hollywood.

Thinking people do not know how to cope with a system whose economic laws, they are led to believe, are immutable. Any suggestions they may have for the betterment of TV are characterized as naive, elitist, and offensive to the First Amendment. The proper posture is to sit back and be thankful when broadcast officialdom chooses to violate its own laws and reveal fleetingly what a fantastic instrument of communication television can be.

A third reason why thinking people have difficulty coming to grips with television is that they have yet to develop satisfactory ways to gauge the effects of this environmental phenomenon. Con-



Bettmann

"Thinking people are left-brained in development. . . . Yet TV, we are informed, appeals mainly to the right hemisphere of the brain, which controls appositional—that is, non-sequential, non-analytic—thought."

Douglass Cater, author and political correspondent, is currently director of the Aspen Institute's Program on Communications and Society.

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Wide World

"Politicians are still struggling to learn the grammar of TV communication and to master its body English, which is so different from that of the stump speech."

sider, as an example, the Surgeon General's inquiry into the effect of televised violence on the behavior of children. Conducted over a period of three years, at a cost of $1.8 million, and based on 23 separate laboratory and field studies, this probe was the most far-reaching to date into the social consequences of television. In its final report, the Surgeon General's committee could acknowledge only "preliminary and tentative" evidence of a causal relationship between TV violence and aggression in children.

As members of an industry dedicated to the proposition that 30-second commercials can change a viewer's buying behavior, producers would be foolish to ignore this warning about the not-so-subliminal effects of its program content. But these studies, mostly gauging immediate response to brief TV exposure, could not adequately measure the impact of the total phenomenon—the experience of the child who spends as many as six hours a day, year in and year out, before the set. This cumulative effect is what makes watching television different from reading books or going to the movies.

How to measure the longer-term, less flamboyant effects of the environment created by television? In 1938 E. B. White witnessed a TV demonstration and wrote, "A door closing, heard over the air, a face contorted, seen in a panel of light, these will emerge as the real and the true. And when we bang the door of our own cell or look into another's face, the impression will be of mere artifice."

Now, a third of a century later, comes Tony Schwartz to carry the speculation further in his book *The Responsive Chord*. Mr. Schwartz's insights have peculiar power, because he created the ill-famed political commercial for the 1964 campaign, which showed a child innocently picking daisy petals, one after another, as a countdown for a hydrogen bomb blast. Though there was no mention of the Presidential candidate at whom the message was aimed, the effect of the commercial was so unnerving that its sponsors withdrew it after a single showing. Schwartz appears to know whereof he theorizes.

Gutenberg man, he writes, lived by a communication system requiring the laborious coding of thought into words and then the equally laborious decoding by the receiver—similar to the loading, shipping, and unloading of a railway freight car. Electronic man dispenses with this by communicating experience without the need of symbolic transformations. What the viewer's brain gets is a mosaic of myriad dots of light and vibrations of sound that are stored and recalled at high speed. Amid this electronic bombardment, Schwartz speculates, a barrier has been crossed akin to the supersonic sound barrier—or, in his image, the 90-mile-an-hour barrier beyond which a motorcycle racer must turn *in to* rather than *out with* a skid: ". . . In communicating at electronic speed, we no longer direct information into an audience but try to evoke stored information out of it in a patterned way."

The function of the electronic communicator, according to Schwartz, "is to achieve a state of resonance with the person receiving visual and auditory stimuli." The Gutenberg communicator —for the past 500 years patiently transmitting experience line by line, usually left to right, down the printed page—is no longer relevant. TV man has become conditioned to a total communication environment, to constant stimuli which he shares with everyone else in society and to which he is conditioned to respond instantly. Schwartz believes that the totality and instantaneousness of television, more than its program content, contributes to violence in society.

His premises lead him to the shattering conclusion that "truth is a print ethic, not a standard for ethical behavior in electronic communication." We must now be concerned not with Gutenberg-based concepts of truth, but with the *effects* of electronic communication: "A whole new set of questions must be asked, and a whole new theory of communications must be formulated."

Without going all the way with Schwartz, we clearly need to examine the effects of TV more diligently. What, for example, is television doing to the institutions and forms and rituals of our democracy? Politicians are still struggling to learn the grammar of TV communication and to master its body English, which is so different from that of the stump speech. TV has markedly influenced the winnowing process by which some politicians are sorted out as prospects for higher office from those who are not. TV has contributed to the abbreviation of the political dialogue and even changed the ground rules by which candidates map their campaign itineraries.

TV has encouraged the now widespread illusion that by using the medium we can create a Greek marketplace of direct democracy. When citizens can see and hear what they believe to be the actuality, why should they rely on intermediating institutions to make the decisions for them? When political leaders can directly reach their constituents without the help of a political party, why should they not opt for "the people's" mandate rather than "the party's"? Recent Presidents and Presidential candidates have been notably affected by this line of reasoning. It exposes an ancient vulnerability of our Republic, in which

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too much political lip service is paid to the notion that public opinion should rule everything.

How can democracy be strengthened within the environment of television? Why, in an age of abundant communication, has there been a continuing decline in voter participation? Prof. Michael Robinson, a political scientist, has cited surveys indicating that heavy TV viewers are more apt than light viewers to be turned off by politics. He speculates that the more dependent someone becomes on TV as his principal source of information, the more likely he is to feel that he cannot understand or affect the political process. TV, unlike newspapers, reaches many who are not interested in public affairs, and these "inadvertent" audiences, in Robinson's view, are frequently confused and alienated by what they see. Such a proposition runs directly counter to the usual reformist instinct to prescribe more programming to overcome voter apathy. Professor Robinson's speculations need to be probed more deeply.

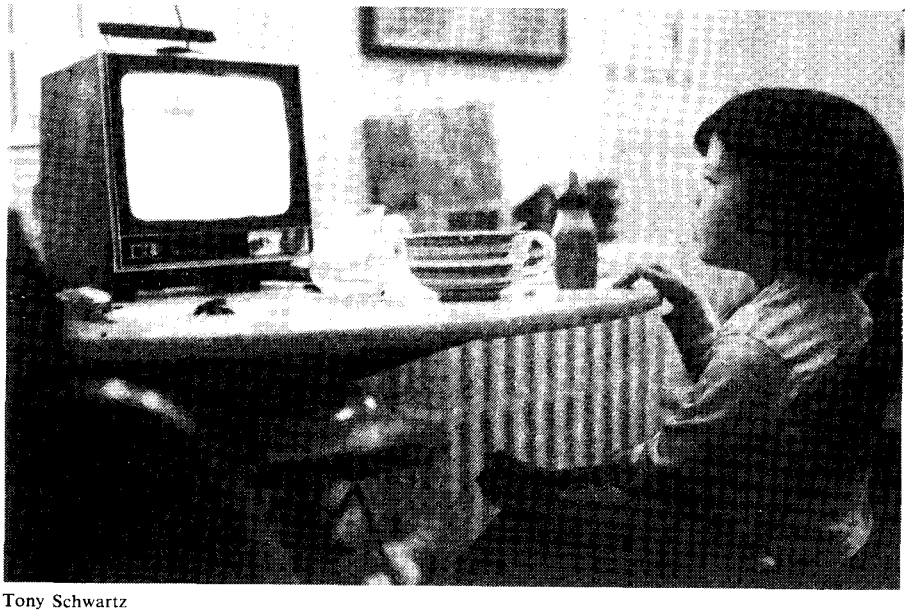
What will be the future? George Orwell had a vision of a time—now less than a decade away—when the communications environment would be employed for the enslavement, rather than the enlightenment, of mankind. Orwell called his system "Big Brother." For the present, anyway, we can conceive of a less ominous communications future with MOTHER, which is the acronym for "Multiple Output Telecommunication Home End Resources."

What will be the technical characteristics of MOTHER? First, she will offer infinitely more channels—via microwave, satellite, cable, laser beam—than the present broadcast spectrum provides. There will also be greater capacity crammed within each channel—more information "bits" per gigahertz—so that one can simultaneously watch a program and receive a newspaper printout on the same channel.

A life-sized MOTHER, the images on her screens giving the illusion of three-dimensionality, will be able to *narrowcast* to neighborhoods or other focused constituencies. MOTHER will be "interactive," permitting us to talk back to our television set by means of a digital device on the console. Recording and replay equipment, which is already being marketed, will liberate us from the tyranny of the broadcast schedule, and computer hookup and stop-frame control will bring the Library of Congress and other Gutenberg treasuries into our living room.

Bettmann

"The Gutenberg communicator—for the past 500 years patiently transmitting experience line by line, usually left to right, down the printed page—is no longer relevant. TV man has become conditioned to a total communication environment, to constant stimuli which he shares with everyone else in society."



Tony Schwartz

Finally, via the satellite, MOTHER will offer worldwide programming in what the communications experts artfully call "real time" (even if real time means that Muhammad Ali must fight at 4:00 A.M. in Zaire in order to suit the prime-time needs of New Yorkers). Although MOTHER will be able to beam broadcasts from the People's Republic of China directly to a household in the United States and vice versa, she may face political barriers.

Until recently, prophets foresaw that the cable and other technological ad-

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Bettmann/Springer Film Archive — From *1984*

"George Orwell had a vision of a time—now less than a decade away—when the communications environment would be employed for the enslavement, rather than the enlightenment, of mankind."

vances would transform television from a wholesale to a retail enterprise, directly offering the consumer a genuine diversity of choice. The "television of abundance" would bring not just greater variety of programs but also new concepts of programming—continuing education, health delivery, community services. Television would become a participatory instrument of communication rather than a one-way flow.

TODAY, THESE VISIONS are not so bright. Some critics now glumly predict that the new technology will suffer the fate of the supersonic transport. Others expect that the technology will be developed, but that it will serve strictly commercial, rather than social, purposes. Computer may be talking to computer by cable and satellite, but householders will still watch "I Love Lucy" on their TV sets.

My own expectation is that the next decade or two will radically alter America's communications. The important issue is whether the change will be for better or for worse. If it is to be for better, we must give more critical attention to TV than we have given in the past. Too much critical time has been wasted worrying about the worst of television. More attention should be paid to the best, not simply laudatory attention but a systematic examination of style and technique and message. Criticism should also extend its reach beyond the intellectual elite into elementary and secondary schools, where children can be stimulated to think about the medium that so dominates their waking hours. We must endeavor to raise the viewers' capacity to distinguish truth from sophistry or at least their awareness, in Tony Schwartz's vocabulary, of the "resonance" being evoked from them.

We should have more widespread analysis and debate on the potential for new media and for new forms within the media. Could an electronic box office for pay programming repeal the iron laws governing "free" commercial television? How do we move beyond the limits of present broadcasting toward broader social purposes for television? In an era when lifelong learning has become essential for the prevention of human obsolescence, television surely has a role to play. And television might regularly deliver some types of health service now that the doctor is seldom making house calls. Health and education are gargantuan national enterprises, which cost upward of $200 billion annually. Yet only paltry sums are being invested for research and demonstration to develop TV's capacity to enrich and extend these vital fields of social service.

Finally, we must move beyond our preoccupation with the production and transmission processes in media communication. An equally important question is, What gets through? The editors of *Scientific American* report that man's visual system has more than a million channels, capable of transmitting instantly 10 million bits of information to the brain. Yet the brain has the capacity for receiving only 27 bits of information per second. These are the raw statistics of communication within the human anatomy. They lead Sir John Eccles, the Nobel Prize–winning physiologist, to believe that the most important frontier of brain research involves the study of inhibition—our capacity to censor stimuli in order to prevent overload. Sir John makes the comparison: "It's like sculpture. What you cut away from the block of stone produces the statue."

Our journalists, both on TV and in print, pledge fealty to the proposition that society thrives by the communication of great gobs of unvarnished truth. Our law courts make us swear to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Yet we only dimly understand how, in an all-enveloping informational environment, man chisels his little statues of perceived reality. As we approach a time when communication threatens to fission like the atom, we need to delve more deeply into these mysteries.

Looking far ahead, Robert Jastrow, director of the Goddard Institute of Space Studies, foresees a fifth communications revolution even more radical than the previous four revolutions of speech, writing, printing, and radio. "In the long term," Jastrow predicts, "the new satellites will provide a nervous system for mankind, knitting the members of our species into a global society." He compares this breakthrough with that change in the history of life several billion years ago when multicellular animals evolved out of more primitive organisms.

Before such an awesome prospect, thinking people may feel overwhelmed. Or else, we can screw up our courage, ask the fundamental questions, and make the critical choices necessary for the shaping of our destiny. □

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UPI

Remembering Edward R. Murrow:

Fearless, brilliant, still the very model of a crusading newscaster, the late Ed Murrow would take a wry view of today's "happy talk" news shows.

by Edward Bliss, Jr.

Only 10 years have passed since Ed Murrow died. It seems longer than that. It seems an age since we heard his broadcasts defending individual liberty and his nightly analyses of foreign and domestic events. Ten years later, as one who set standards for his profession, he is in no way forgotten. Fred Friendly, his longtime collaborator, compares Murrow to the North Star, saying, "Today in broadcast journalism, it is still the Murrow bearing against which the profession measures itself and occasionally corrects its course." Recently, Edwin Diamond, the media critic, said that reading Murrow's broadcasts now is "a sad reminder of what broadcast journalism can be, and is not."

I first met Murrow in 1946, after he had left London, which he loved, to become a CBS vice-president in New York. He commanded the network's news operations, and I was one of several persons called into his presence to explain why a certain "feed" from overseas had failed. He looked very young and handsome in his Savile Row clothes, seated behind a large desk. He listened politely to the conflicting testimony of various technical and editorial types, but it struck me that he cared little about assessing blame. I suspect he was going through the motions expected of a vice-president. Murrow had no appetite for rehashing past mistakes. It was always the next broadcast he had his mind on;

Edward Bliss, Jr., who was a news editor with CBS for many years, is now head of the Broadcast Journalism Program at The American University in Washington, D.C.

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UPI

With CBS in London—Englishmen under the blitz were "worthy of their ancestors."

he assumed that everyone around him was doing his best.

In the whole history of journalism, perhaps no other reporter has become famous quite so fast. This was due not only to the quality of Ed Murrow's reporting but also to the medium itself. Radio, burgeoning in the news field, produced a mass audience that no newspaper or magazine could match. Radio was faster, more pervasive, more personal than print, so that Murrow was transformed in the public mind, as by magic, from being one of many reporters covering the Battle of Britain to *the* reporter covering that battle. His trademark, "This is London," became a notice to American listeners that what had happened in the bloody, sweaty, tearful struggle that day was about to be told.

Archibald MacLeish addressed himself to this phenomenon on December 2, 1941, at a New York dinner held in Murrow's honor. He told Murrow, who was in the audience, "You have accomplished one of the great miracles of the world. . . . You destroyed in the minds of many men and women in this country the superstition that what is done beyond 3,000 miles of water is not really done at all; the ignorant superstition that violence and lies and murder on another continent are not violence and lies and murder here; the cowardly and brutal superstition that the enslavement of mankind in a country where the sun rises at midnight by our clocks is not enslavement by the time we live by; the black and stifling superstition that what we cannot see and hear and touch can have no meaning for us."

When Murrow spoke at this same dinner, he said that America must decide—and soon—how far and how fast it would go in order for democracy to survive. He said, "Come as I do from the creeping blackout of liberty all over Europe, I am grateful that our decision will be taken in the full light of free and better-informed debate than exists anywhere else in the world, for such is our heritage. And may it always be our habit."

Free speech, free debate. It would be the recurring theme in his broadcasts for the next 19 years. He would say over and over, as in the case of the congressman who was denied a passport because of suspected leftist leanings, "It's surely a matter worth arguing about." Friendly tells how, when CBS resumed its regular programming after President Johnson's crucial Gulf of Tonkin speech, Murrow, fatally ill, telephoned the network, protesting that. Such a declaration by the President cried out for instant analysis—for discussion and debate.

Murrow believed in news. He did not doubt what he was trying to do or the public's need to know. But as Eric Sevareid said the day Murrow died, "Himself he doubted." He was forever asking himself, "Is this good enough?" That is what troubled him—not who would be upset by what he said, but whether it was right. And if it was right, was he communicating? Could the language be improved? How could the issues, so complicated, be made plain? He had standards—unexcelled today—that he was trying to meet.

I worked with Murrow in the production of his nightly broadcasts on CBS Radio and am the person who told him Joe McCarthy was dead. "Let me see what comes in," he said. He gave no sign of satisfaction in the death of this man who represented what, in this country, he detested most.

That night Murrow led with the McCarthy story—name, age, survivors, cause of death. No review of the senator's career, only the essential details, completely straightforward. Looking back, I can see that from Murrow's standpoint this approach was exactly right. In 1957 everyone knew the background; it was recent history. Murrow believed that if he had gone into that history, so filled with controversy, his words might have been misinterpreted. He might have appeared to some listeners to be dancing on McCarthy's grave.

His fears were well founded. Richard Rovere in his book, *Senator Joe McCarthy*, quotes Murrow as saying, "I think I have never been more objective in reporting anything. Yet in the morning I found myself upbraided by hundreds for callousness, gloating, and fraudulent compassion."

I HAVE NO IDEA of the exact date—it was early in 1959—but what happened, if you saw it, was unforgettable. Murrow, script in hand, had gone from his office to Studio 9. It was three or four minutes before the radio broadcast was to start. His face was unusually pale. He held the script with both hands, which rested on the table; still the script trembled. I watched apprehensively through the glass panel and saw him say something to George Bryan, his announcer.

Suddenly, Murrow got up and came into the corridor where I was standing. In a small cubicle across from the studio, Blair Clark was preparing his program, "The World Tonight." Murrow stood in the doorway. "Blair," he said, "can you read for me?"

It was an emergency. Only seconds remained before Murrow was due on the air. Clark took Murrow's script and went into the studio. Bryan read the amended introduction, "And now, substituting for Edward R. Murrow, here is Blair Clark." I looked to see how Murrow was. He was walking, a bowed figure, toward his office. Some green filing cabinets, holding old scripts, stood against the wall outside what was called "the Murrow area." There he stopped. I did not realize until then that he was crying. He folded his arms over the top of one of the cabinets and put his head down on them. He was sobbing like a child.

At that time, he had been broadcasting for 21 years. It was the first assignment that he had missed.

Murrow had not been well for some time. It was something all of us who

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worked with him knew. He coughed too much—smoked too much—and it seemed that some of the joy in his work was gone. Part of this was due to his continuing battle with the corporate brass; much of it was that he was not well. One thing about Murrow was that the door to his office was always open. A time came when it was closed for a while every afternoon. His doctor had ordered him to lie down on his couch to rest in the middle of the afternoon. The closed door was an ominous sign.

I didn't know on January 20, 1961, that his broadcast that day was to be his last. A week before the Kennedy inauguration, he had asked me to put together a batch of background material. I have that material, double-spaced for easy reading, before me as I write. I see that among the odds and ends of information which Murrow had marked as potentially usable was a reference in an old issue of *Puck* to "that fine political pastry, the Presidential turnover." It was the kind of mischievous language Murrow found irresistible.

As was usual for the inauguration, the networks were assigned working space in the basement of the Capitol. Entering the CBS quarters, which were filled with typewriters and electronic gear, I saw Bob Skedgell, who had charge of news coverage for CBS Radio. He looked pleased. He told me, "Ed says he will do a piece for us from the radio booth. We've scheduled it for right after his television spot." Skedgell was pleased because Murrow had remained loyal to radio. Television was king, but on this Inauguration Day radio would not be shortchanged.

Murrow and I had a separate work area, a small, temporary room smelling strongly of sawed pine. There were three monitors—one for each network—and two typewriters on a makeshift desk. In mid-morning Murrow appeared, looking tired. I knew he had been suffering cruelly from insomnia. He put paper in his typewriter and began writing a commentary; it was to run two minutes and was based on the advance of Kennedy's address, which was distributed in the midst of the historic snowstorm that had struck Washington the night before.

He wrote slowly, thoughtfully. Once a word was down on paper, it was there to stay. He filled the page—18 lines, triple-spaced—and not a word was crossed out. His last line was: "He appeared to recognise thruout [sic] his

Is there really starvation in America?

There sure is.

And there would be more of it except for the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund.

There's Elma May Greer. Since her husband died, she's been trying to support eight children on $84 a month from welfare.

Join Ray Wood's family for dinner. When he can't pick up any day labor, his $25-a-month veteran's disability pension has to feed all 11 of them.

Try budgeting Berlean Fairley's $60 a month to cover lights, gas, food and shoes for four growing kids.

For these families, and thousands more in the rural South, there's only one alternative to literal, actual starvation: the Federal Food Stamp Program.

But how do you buy food stamps when you have no cash? How do you get to the selling office when you're blind, or crippled, or can't scrape up the carfare?

That's where the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund comes in.

Through volunteers working out of local NAACP branches, we provide the cash—and sometimes the carfare—that makes food stamps available to the Greers and Woods and Fairleys.

Sometimes it's as little as $1 to buy a penniless couple $64 worth of food stamps. Occasionally, it's as much as $20, which can give each member of a family of 16 about 65¢ worth of food each day. Mostly, we help families out with the $8 or $10 or $12 a month they need to get their full food-stamp allotment.

It really isn't much—but to the people who get it, it's the difference between life and death.

And when you're talking about more than 30,000 families helped, the cost mounts up.

That's why the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund needs your help so badly.

Every dollar you contribute is tax-deductible. And, on the average, every dollar we get converts into $11 worth of food.

But we can't do it without *your* dollars. So please send what you can. Thanks.

NAACP Emergency Relief Fund
Dept. B21 Box 121,
Radio City Station,
New York, N.Y. 10019

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"This man who was against any interruption of news by even a single commercial might ask how it is today that network evening news is interrupted four times."

brief inaugural—only 1,200 words—that difficulty is the excuse history never accepts."

On the monitors we saw the oath-taking and watched Robert Frost wrestle with his poetry reading and John Kennedy give his inaugural address. After Kennedy had finished speaking, Murrow went back to the typewriter and wrote a new lead: "It was a speech full of confidence, without arrogance." He wrote it above his earlier lead so that no room was left at the top of the page. Then he took another sheet of paper and filled out the two-minute spot. "The oath," he wrote, "was of course the heart of the matter, the most solemn moment in our national drama. . . ." It was what he had felt, watching what took place.

I am not sure how much of this he used, finally, on nationwide television. I do know that when he came back from the TV studio to put on his overcoat, he looked so beaten that it was hard for me to remind him of the radio spot.

"Do I have to do it?" he asked.

"You said you would."

He did not want to go up to the radio booth. He did not want to do another broadcast. But he did. The radio booth was outdoors, raised on stilts so that it stood 20 feet above the ground, and it had a high window, facing the inauguration platform, allowing a clear view. The broadcaster reached this improvised studio by climbing a wooden ladder, straight up. It was like a ladder coming out of a swimming pool, except that it was two stories high. The sky was clear after the storm. The ceremonies had taken place in bright sunshine and subfreezing cold. Murrow climbed the ladder and broadcast the radio piece he had promised.

TODAY, 10 YEARS AFTER this faithful man's death, I think of the diligence with which he reported every threat to freedom, whether it was the inability of the American Civil Liberties Union to hire a hall in Indianapolis or a political smear on the record of an unimportant Navy lieutenant or Joe McCarthy or restrictions on freedom of the press. Murrow seemed to take every assault on freedom as an assault on himself. He reacted with anger. The anger and indignation were deep.

I thought I knew why. I believed it was because, as a matter of principle, he resented any infringement on freedom. But I did not really understand until his widow, Janet Murrow, said the reason was that Murrow, who had done obits on democratic governments in Europe, appreciated the mortality of democracy and was genuinely, and perpetually, fearful the same might happen here. That was why every symptom of tyranny alarmed him and forced him to speak.

Murrow was not intimidated by McCarthy and spoke so that millions could hear. What would he have said about the scandals of the Nixon administration? I like the way Fred Friendly once answered that question. "Ed," he said, "would have reacted with a sense of outrage—and a sense of history." I myself believe Murrow would have recognized in those scandals the symptoms of tyranny. Surely he would have been alarmed; surely he would have spoken. And I believe he would have said that it would be villainous for the press to play down the story. For he would see democracy endangered.

In a speech that he made after he became director of the United States Information Agency, Ed Murrow warned of the danger of taking freedom too much for granted. He said that if a confused public finally loses faith in America —in those who govern and those who inform—"then distrust, dissatisfaction, fear, and laziness can combine to turn them in desperation to that 'strong man' who can take them only to destruction."

At another time he said, "We were born free." He was filial toward this legacy of freedom. It was almost a kind of ancestor worship. He said of Englishmen under the blitz, "They were worthy of their ancestors." In his McCarthy broadcast he said, "We will not walk in fear, one of another. We will not be driven by fear into an age of unreason if we dig deep in our history and our doctrine and remember that we are not descended from fearful men."

Murrow would not be enthusiastic about the state of public-affairs programming today. He would admire many of the new generation of reporters and envy some of them. But for local station and network managers he would remain a hair shirt, pressing for coverage of more subjects in more depth in more prime time.

This man who was against any interruption of news by even a single commercial might ask how it is today that the network evening news is interrupted four times by commercials, while popular entertainment programs like "All in the Family" and "Sanford and Son" are interrupted only twice. He would decry the "happy talk" format in news and the threatening epidemic of news specializing in crime and sex. Addressing an annual meeting of the Radio-Television News Directors Association in Chicago, he said, "If radio news is to be regarded as a commodity, only acceptable when salable, then I don't care what you call it—I say it isn't news." That was Murrow speaking about radio news in 1958. He might well say the same about some television news in 1975. Salable is what "tabloid" and "happy talk"are all about.

Being human, Murrow made mistakes. But as he promised in the first broadcast of the radio series that began in 1947 and ran for 12 years, he endeavored to be the first to correct them. Repeatedly, in later on-air reports, he corrected errors of fact that had been presented in newscasts. But perhaps his most publicized mistake—a monumental error of judgment—was made after he had left CBS. That was when, as director of the USIA, he tried unsuccessfully to keep the BBC from showing the CBS documentary "Harvest of Shame." It was highly ironic, because Murrow himself had helped produce this film dealing with the plight of America's migrant workers and because he had so dauntlessly championed freedom of information throughout his career. Later, he publicly acknowledged his bad judgment. It was what might be called Murrow's own "Bay of Pigs."

The day Murrow died Eric Sevareid said, "He was a shooting star. We shall live in his afterglow a very long time." Sevareid also said, "We shall not see his like again." In a sense that observation is true. There will be only one Ed Murrow. For there to be another would require an identical meeting of man and event. He was a "first"—the first reporter of renown in his medium. But who can say that another broadcast reporter of his fiber will not—cannot—appear? □

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The Crack in the Myth

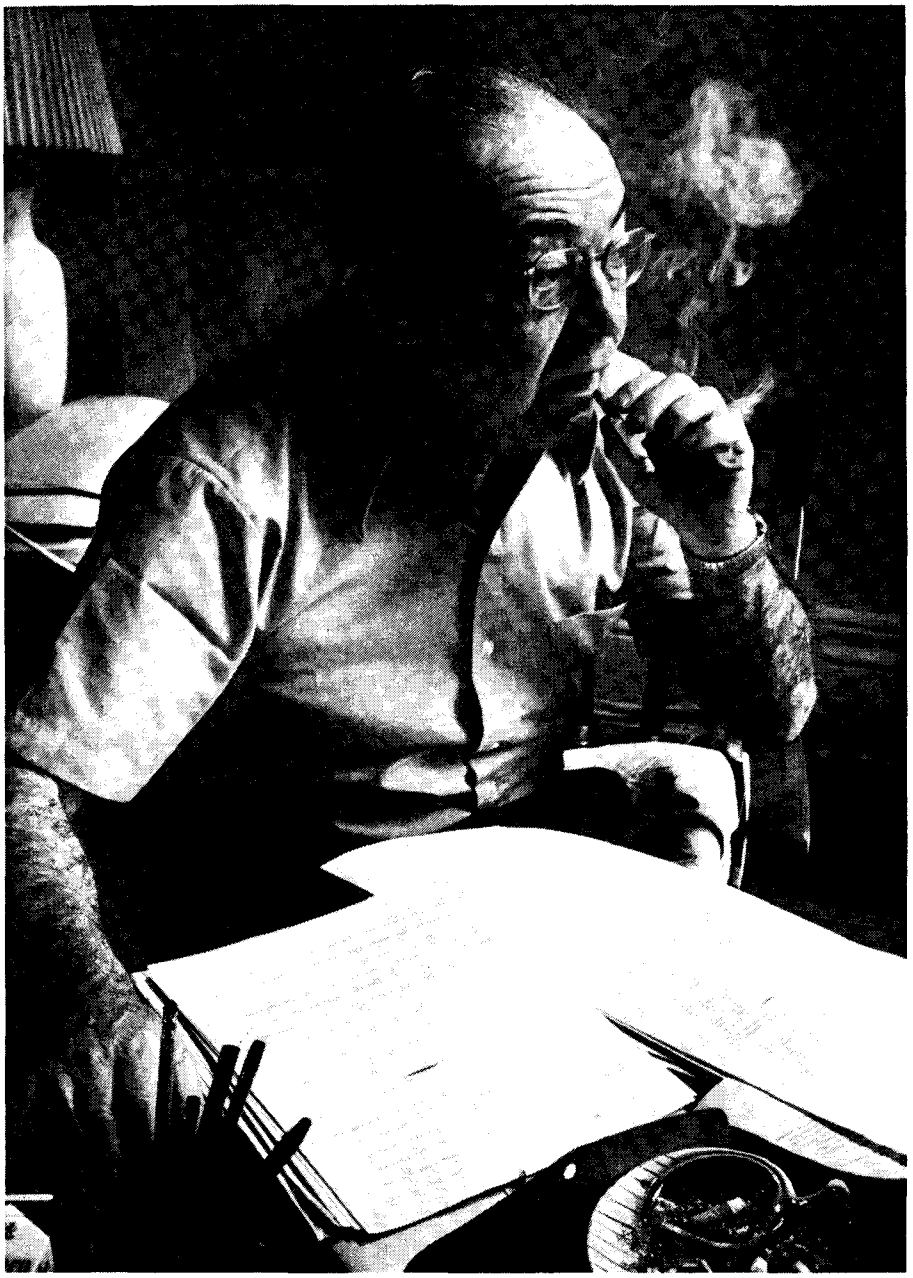
Breach of Faith:
The Fall of Richard Nixon
by Theodore H. White
Atheneum/Reader's Digest Press
373 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by Bruce Bliven, Jr.

No more than half a dozen pages into Mr. White's first chapter, which is entitled "Let Justice Be Done," I realized something that had seemed almost incredible to me minutes earlier: that Watergate (in a broad sense) and Richard Nixon's guilt in the elaborate maze of associated crimes could actually seize my attention all over again, almost as if I had not heard about them before. I had felt surfeited with the subject to the point of numbness and had imagined that my brain's exhaustion, combined with my stomach's queasiness, might keep me well clear of any excitement over the subject for years to come. This was wishful thinking, of course, for the many aftermaths of Watergate are not to be avoided by any of us in the future, however numb we may be.

It is not the first time Mr. White has confounded me in this way; I have been dubious, prematurely and incorrectly, about all four volumes of his series, *The Making of the President* (1960, 1964, 1968, 1972); but none of these Presidential campaigns had worn me down to anything like my Watergate exhaustion. This time, I felt certain, White's magic will leave me inert. I am on to his journalistic tricks, and he cannot catch me again with his brazen verisimilitude—the exact time of the event, the portentous room-number citation (as if it mattered greatly), the graphic but irrelevant detail ("the light fell from white porcelain rosettes to the throng crowding seats and galleries"). Once again, I was wrong.

My surliness is neither here nor there, and I mention it only because nearly all of the readers of *Breach of Faith*—I assume they will number in the tens of thousands—are going to be pleasantly surprised, if not astonished, as in my own case, that Mr. White can lead them back to the Watergate complex of events, where they didn't much want to go, and make them like it. It is a triumphant feat. He has artfully intermixed what we remember well with much that we have forgotten about the recent past—or perhaps missed completely in the deluge of words when Watergate dominated all the other news—and he has produced a fast-moving narrative, reaching back as far as 1952, and even farther, that illumin-



Gjon Mili

Theodore H. White—"He transforms common elements into precious material."

Bruce Bliven, Jr., is a journalist and historian who contributes to The New Yorker.

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REMEMBER THESE BOOKS

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BIOGRAPHY
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CHILDREN'S BOOKS
Virginia Hamilton: M. C. HIGGINS, THE GREAT
(Macmillan)

CONTEMPORARY AFFAIRS
Theodore Rosengarten's: ALL GOD'S DANGERS: The Life of Nate Shaw
(Alfred A. Knopf)

FICTION
Robert Stone: DOG SOLDIERS
(Houghton Mifflin)
Thomas Williams: THE HAIR OF HAROLD ROUX
(Random House)

HISTORY
Bernard Bailyn: THE ORDEAL OF THOMAS HUTCHINSON
(Belknap/Harvard U. Press)

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION
Robert Nozick: ANARCHY, STATE AND UTOPIA
(Basic Books)

POETRY
Marilyn Hacker: PRESENTATION PIECE
(Viking Press)

THE SCIENCES
Silvano Arieti: INTERPRETATION OF SCHIZOPHRENIA
(Basic Books)

TRANSLATION
Anthony Kerrigan: THE AGONY OF CHRISTIANITY AND ESSAYS ON FAITH by Miguel D. Unamuno
(Princeton U. Press)

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ates who Nixon is, who we all are, and what our country has become. Finally, as if this feat of explication had unlocked Mr. White's reticence to intrude himself, the reporter–popular historian, into his story, he has mixed in a considerable quotient of his own personal opinion, his own informal political philosophy. This philosophy is most explicit in his final chapter, which like the book is titled "Breach of Faith." (It begins starkly: "The true crime of Richard Nixon was simple: he destroyed the myth that binds America together, and for this he was driven from power.")

The word for Mr. White's mixing of these ingredients is alchemy. In part he transforms common elements into precious material; but I am also thinking of how very close he comes to achieving the impossible: he writes something much like a history based on an incomplete, flawed set of notes. (Mr. White, who does not pretend that he can do more than can be done, in several places assists the bona fide historians of Watergate, probably not yet born, who will someday write the definitive accounts, by pointing out the gaps in his reporting and explaining who can fill them in, if they ever get around to doing so.) He manages a long perspective and a remarkable degree of fair detachment–quite a trick when it comes to scenes in which the alchemist-historian is an actor–even as he reminds the reader that the book was written hard on the heels of the perspective-shattering news.

LOOKING BACK at Mr. White's journalistic career, one can see he has been preparing to write *Breach of Faith* for more than 20 years, ever since he returned to the United States from assignments in China and Europe, started writing about national politics for the *Reporter* and *Colliers*, and then began doing the notable *Making of the President* series. All the while, Mr. White has, of course, been diligently watching Presidents and would-be Presidents, and studying the contexts in which they achieved, or failed to achieve, our highest office. He has been studying Mr. Nixon–investigating is perhaps the name of the process–since 1955, when he wrote his first magazine piece about him; and eventually he became something like a Nixon confidant. All these years of reporting were capital on which Mr. White could draw; and although he acknowledges all kinds of expert assistance in compiling the record, obviously Mr. White's own memory–he

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was there, he saw it happen, he had lunch with one of the principals the next day, and so on—helped him most of all. If he had not written the book, he could have been a principal source for material.

Above all, Mr. White's memory allows him to recall the changes that he has seen in the American party system, and in the American Presidential system, since 1952—the date he chooses, a trifle arbitrarily, as his narrative's beginning. The Democratic and Republican conventions were both held that year in Chicago.

THE STORY OF WATERGATE, as Mr. White sees it, is the story of the Nixon Presidency as a whole. The story of the Nixon Presidency is one of great pressures and strains bearing down on the man in the office as the party system, on which the Presidential system once rested, gradually came apart. ("Perhaps 1952 is as useful a date as any to start with," Mr. White writes, "and Chicago in that year was probably the best place to listen to the first groaning of the hinges, as the world turned and America changed.")

At some point in those 20 years, Mr. White theorizes, the grinding forces of history were bound to crack a man with flaws of character, whether small or great; and, Mr. White says, in President Nixon's case his "perception of power, at which he thought himself a master, was flawed, as his character was flawed." When the strains bore down on him too heavily, Richard Nixon's character, like a faulty bearing in a giant machine, did crack.

The great open question, which Mr. White asks but cannot, of course, answer, is the extent to which Mr. Nixon has damaged the Presidency by betraying his office, by damaging the faith of the American people that at least one man—the President—surely stands for law.

Perhaps he has damaged it beyond repair, in which case our system will end in disaster. Still, it is possible, instead, that the result of our collective nightmare will be purifying; and it is possible that *Breach of Faith*, by sharpening our focus on the problem, may help us recover from what we have suffered.

Mr. White sums it up: "If his humiliation can heal the breach of faith in government which he provoked and make way for the election of a trusted President in 1976, then his resignation may go down as the last, best act of his career—tragic, haunting, but necessary for the Republic." □

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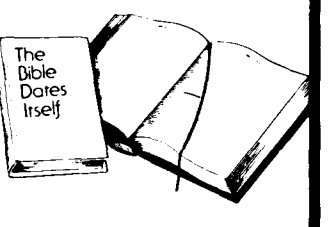

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Beyond Spaceship Earth

Synergetics: Explorations in the Geometry of Thinking
by R. Buckminster Fuller
Macmillan, 876 pp., $25

Reviewed by Robert Wood

For a full half-century the works of Buckminster Fuller—inventor, architect, author, and lecturer—have stimulated or puzzled steadily growing audiences. Now comes *Synergetics: Explorations in the Geometry of Thinking*. Billed as "The Compleat Bucky" and "the distilled wisdom of a lifetime," with preface and contribution by Arthur L. Loeb and collaboration with E. J. Applewhite, *Synergetics* is intended to bring together in a concerted presentation the philosophy, logic, and disputation of a long, productive, and controversial life.

This summary volume is not likely to end the controversy that has raged around Fuller all his life long. Granted, the book has two strong initial advantages—Applewhite's helpful collaboration and Loeb's gracious and sensitizing preface, particularly his concluding section, which undertakes to provide conventionally accepted proofs to complement Fuller's "experimental" approach. But the fact is that great portions of *Synergetics* are bound to be exasperating to readers—especially to the physical scientist and the engineer.

Not least among these exasperating features is the book's sheer heft: the volume runs to no fewer than 876 pages of proposition and commentary in prose and poetry; there are, at a guess, about as many diagrams and pictures (although they are numbered in a way that does not make for simple addition); and there are, in all, 12 chapters with arithmetically prescribed subsections that, again, are not cumulative—and so pose special problems for the reader who is trying to arrive at a balanced assessment of them.

Still another exasperation is the book's approach to evidence and validation: Fuller *does* disdain proofs. He interweaves strangely disparate elements: fact and value, commentary on life and the universe, quantity and quality, evidence and inference. And he does this majestically, carelessly, in a manner calculated to infuriate the conscientious scholar in whatever field he happens to be writing about.

So to *study* the book—in contrast to reading it—is to embark on the exercise of disentangling its substantive core, as that core appears and reappears, from other, broader propositions more epistemological or humanistic in character.

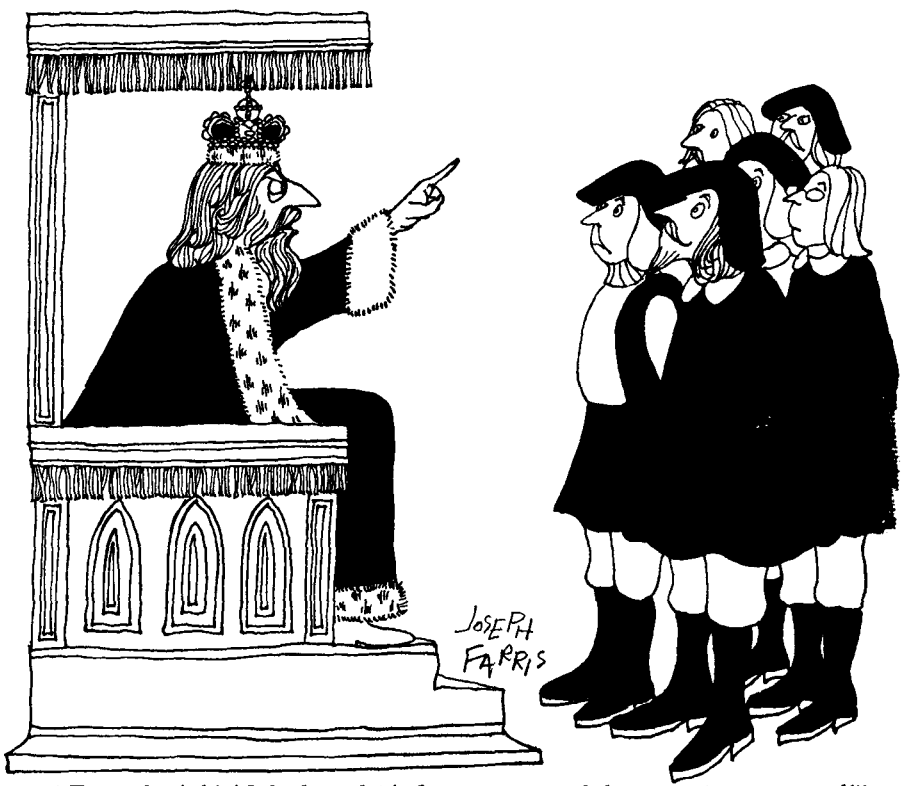
Strictly speaking, what Fuller presents is his development of an analytical geometry and a structural mechanics based on 60-degree coordinate axes and on a basic cell or module that takes the form of a tetrahedron—for example, his famous domes. My colleagues in the "hard sciences" suggest that in a number of areas Fuller's geometry and mechanics have considerable advantages—principally because of the interdependence within the tetrahedron—over the conventional use of rectangular coordinates and the cube. Fuller suggests all kinds of practical implications: from simplified and more understandable instruction in geometry, to stronger, cheaper buildings, to a much better theoretical understanding of spiral structures.

But studying *Synergetics* is clearly a task beyond the ordinary reader (or reviewer), and the relative importance of his theoretical and applied contributions —the "bridges," in Loeb's words, to "established bodies of information and knowledge"—is best left to the specialists in the relevant field.

Reading Fuller, however—in the sense of undertaking to relate his geometry and mechanics to his other propositions, and of extracting wisdom and learning from particular sections, paragraphs, sentences, phrases—is quite another matter. In this case, although elements of exasperation and irritation still remain, reading "The Compleat Bucky" becomes an exciting, exhilarating search for nuggets of truth and moral direction. To come up with such treasure, the alert reader may find it well worthwhile to sort his or her way through the book's lapses in language, repetitive sections, occasional confusion in articulating concepts, and its occasionally encountered pieces of fool's gold.

Reading the book in this way, rather than *studying* it, yields marvelous, pleasurable experiences. Truly incomparable words, phrases, sentences leap out: the "jitterbug system" in vector equilibrium or the "idealized nothingness of absolute middleness." An "eternally regenerative university" that is divided into an "outwardness and inwardness." Life as "the

Robert Wood, under-secretary and secretary of the Department of Housing and Urban Development from 1966 to 1969, is president of the University of Massachusetts.



"Enough of this! I declare the inflation over and the recession at an end!"

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now event with reaction *past* and resultant *future*." Followed by death, in which "the individual probably loses nothing but gains the insight and knowledge of all others as well." Then there is synergetics itself: "the search for the omnirational, comprehensive, coordinate system employed by nature."

Interspersed among the findings and reflections are, of course, ample evidences of a healthy ego, as Fuller's majestic, column-long listing in *Who's Who* makes clear. Speaking of his talks with "distinguished" scientists about his explorations, he says, "While they could not identify my discoveries with any of the scientific fields with which they were familiar, they found no errors in my disclosures. . . ." And some of his conclusions about the nature and state of society raise eyebrows: "The youth of Earth are moving intuitively toward an utterly classless, raceless, omnicooperative, omniworld humanity."

Yet as one reads on, the magic Loeb promises in the preface takes hold, and one comes to understand Fuller's special appeal, especially to the young, in this era of doubt and uncertainty. For Fuller represents, better than any other contemporary figure I know of, the persistent, persuasive American who, at a time when the national image is severely damaged, and the national character is assailed from within and without, hunkers down and holds on.

At the heart of *Synergetics* is the pragmatic passion of 200 years of national development: a commitment to rational problem-solving, tempered by practical experience, heavily reliant on engineering and technology. W. W. Rostow described the impulse 20 years ago when he wrote of the twentieth century:

> At his best, the American came to be knowledgeable and wise about the nature of the physical world and about how life was really conducted; but he remained close to the facts and the processes with which he lived. As an intellectual, the American was an empiricist; as a philosopher he was a rather liberal pragmatist, loosely generalizing the situations and experiencing his round of life made real. . . .

In his unique outlook, Fuller blends the transcendentalism of New England with the practicality of the inventor. He stands with Amos Bronson Alcott and Thomas Edison and Henry Ford—and finds Annapolis by way of Milton Academy and Harvard. In a time when the expansion of knowledge has fragmented its pursuit, and when a mid-century population explosion has produced the Lonely Crowd, Fuller asserts his belief in the individual's ability to make sense of things and in the universe's capacity for growing and enlarging itself by understandable synergetic processes. He further celebrates the inexhaustibility of nature's stockpile of secrets and the wonder of discovery. Like his late contemporary Vannevar Bush, he plunges optimistically, enthusiastically, into the endless frontier of science.

Fuller scorns, of course, the present organization of science: hyperspecialization, excessive abstraction, the irony that the search for an underlying order yields the appearance of chaos. He moves between the concrete and the conceptual to make whatever case he is concerned with at the moment. He cites any thinker, from Einstein to Planck to Heisenberg, to illustrate his particular point. And the sum of the propositions is greater than the parts. The result is, magically, Spaceship Earth—modern, technologically based, workable, fundamentally healthy.

Given his extraordinary combination of the working discovery and specific invention—the geodesic dome most especially—and the assertion of man's general capacity to explain things and to manage things, little wonder his present appeal. *Synergetics* as a book is a poor substitute for hearing Fuller in person, either in his preferred three-to-six-hour discourse or in his more constrained lecture performances. In oral argument the optimism, confidence, conviction about the individual, about rational thought, about generous impulse, about the completeness and goodness of things, shines through even more. But taken in full measure, the book conveys the same.

However conveyed, the propositions today strike a responsive chord—all the more so because the reasoning and mathematics employed give the appearance of universal comprehension. Fuller responds to the challenge of the counterculture by showing us the way to a sense of continuity with the past—a continuity that in no way requires us to remain entrapped in a changeless world. His is a genuinely American idiom, of liberalism and expansion and progress. So *Synergetics* is best *read*, not studied. But this reading should be done in "takes," with time in between for contemplation. Fuller's work is best understood as a special celebration of the American experience in our Bicentennial time. And as such, it deserves our heartfelt appreciation. □

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Epic in Wonderland

Shardik
by Richard Adams
Simon & Schuster, 604 pp., $9.95

Reviewed by Bruce Allen

The rabbit heroes of Richard Adams's celebrated 1974 novel *Watership Down* have swiftly entered the contemporary mythology best articulated by Tolkien and his admiring imitators. As an allegory of survival, that novel escaped simplistic coyness because the closed system of its creatures' ordeal was depicted with a stubborn thoroughness that gave it the unified force of anthropomorphic fable. The inventive consistency of *Watership Down* quieted the snarls of whimsy-haters. Still, the book's imaginative reach was limited; one could resist its blandishments, while recognizing their unpretentious charm.

There is no such defense against *Shardik*—a powerfully compelling prose epic that re-creates the fortunate fall of unaccommodated man, within the history of a splendidly portrayed imaginary kingdom. Adams's cosmos is the remote, long-forgotten "Beklan Empire": for it, he has contrived a wondrously detailed web of topography, flora and fauna, rival languages with their subdialects—including a repository of eerie pre-Christian religions, devoutly preserved and faithfully practiced. The people are seekers after an understanding of their place in the creation, through inconsistent communion with the mysterious forces that lead them, past imperfection and error, to wisdom. Onto his heroes' quest Adams has grafted a hymn in praise of the unity of all life. And, before *Shardik* lumbers to its resolute conclusion, it also challenges us with a utopian blueprint for the saving of future generations.

This book *means* to be an epic. The opening scene displays Adams's determination to excite his readers' awe. We are shown the hierarchical confluence of life that fills an enormous forest; next, we hear the throb, along the forest floor, of undercurrent natural forces beating together in complex collusion. But the sound in fact heralds a spreading fire that drives all life before it, in panicky flight toward safety. Among the fleeing creatures is a giant white bear, which swims to the refuge of a neighboring island, Ortelga.

The young islander who comes upon the wounded animal is the hunter Kelderek, a modest and humane innocent ("Kelderek Play-With-the-Children," in the phrasing of other adults, who look with amusement on his kindly simplicity). The hunter, with his plain faith, knows that he has discovered the reincarnated "Lord Shardik," the bear-god the Ortelgans have long worshiped.

The responses to Kelderek's story betray reverence, suspicion, dreams of exploitation. The Ortelgans, we learn, are exiles from the fortified city of Bekla, which they once ruled. Is the coming of Shardik a sign, urging them to recapture their lost glory? Military men counsel an attack; their long march and coup succeed—and the face of the empire is bloodied and altered. None heed the warning prophecy of the sibylline Tuginda, head priestess of the cult of Shardik ("... God will bless all men by revealing a great truth through Shardik and through two chosen vessels, a man and a woman. But those vessels He will first shatter to fragments and then Himself fashion them again to his purpose").

Time passes: the captured Bekla is ruled by "priest-king Kelderek, styled Crendrik—the Eye of God." But the cost of his power is a burgeoning slave trade (condoned by "Crendrik" to stimulate Bekla's foundering economy); it is *children* who are victimized by the policies of the transformed "Kelderek Play-With-the-Children."

This is a brilliantly conceived ironic situation, and Adams develops its ramifications through a perplexing alternation of triumphs and defeats—fixed certainties, bludgeoned down by their destructive antitheses. The captured bear escapes; Crendrik is ousted, and once again becomes Kelderek: "a vagabond in a strange country," wandering to the savage extremities of his "empire," like Lear in his reason-bringing madness, sharing in the sufferings of his subjects. Seized by a vicious slave trader, Kelderek becomes one with the horde of violated children and confesses his understanding of "the sacrilege against Shardik ... and all that had followed from it." Rescued, he is restored to official prestige and given a peaceful tenure as regional guardian of a primitive village-state dedicated to the patient, restorative care of abused children. In this mountain haven the story ends.

Kelderek's long agony decisively symbolizes the guilt of modern man, who recognizes his betrayal of the rich creation he inherited. The outcast king is the authentic descendant of the classical heroes whose journeys ended in understanding (Odysseus, Aeneas), and of their counterparts in modern fiction. I think there are echoes in Kelderek of Dostoevsky's tortured villain-heroes: the murderer Raskolnikov, who rejected his proud intelligence and embraced the anonymous mass of humanity; and Ivan Karamazov, who challenged the idea of a God who could allow the "illogical" sufferings of children.

But the characterization of Kelderek is an element that Adams firmly subordi-

Bruce Allen, a free-lance writer, is currently working on a study of American fiction since 1960.

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nates to his novel's deeper purposes. *Shardik* tacitly acknowledges its obvious models; nonetheless, it seems put together with a shrewdness that is palpably *un*literary—one wants to call it "instinctive."

The imagery is elemental; it always seems unforced—and *natural*. Adams's metaphors are repeatedly drawn from the rituals of nature's processes. Water and fire are the recurring terms. The book opens with a voracious forest fire, concludes at a domestic hearthside scene. In one of its most magnificent set pieces —describing "the passing of Shardik"— the animal's immense corpse drifts downriver on a burning raft, the body of a dead child laid beside it. (Yes, the source is Malory: but I defy any reader to *feel* that it is anything but inevitable, in the context of the world where it occurs.)

AMONG THIS BOOK'S greatest strengths is its rejection of the modern novel's emphasis on subjective uncertainty. It urges that truth is knowable, and that our intelligences must accept what they recognize for revealed truth—even if it be partial and unsatisfying. Surely, this points to its Christian framework. But isn't there something more, something stretching back still farther?

The language of *Shardik* is primitive and hortatory—as if Adams still held the old pre-civilized belief that words are *things* and can hurt. In the early pages, the sudden appearance of the bear is again and again described with excited rhetorical flourishes (Shardik is ". . . a figure of terror, monstrous beyond the nature even of that dark, savage place"). There are many such passages, in which Adams frankly directs our responses, *tells* us what things mean, how we must feel about them.

It is the way one talks to children—and it gives the impression of words buttressed with gesturing and shaking, as if by a speaker who reminds himself that language is only one of the devices by which we communicate. When the teller tugs thus at our attention, grasps our shoulders, turning us to face him and listen, *listen* . . .

In reading *Shardik*, we seem to hear again the old stories that were told to us by old people remembering them from past years, knowing we must be made to hear them, that our survival depends upon them. This is a new story, but it has the satisfying wholeness of the great ones it dares to rival; it should be told, and retold, for many generations. □

The Master Refocused

The Interior Beethoven: A Biography of the Music
by Irving Kolodin
Knopf, 341 pp., $15

Reviewed by H. C. Robbins Landon

Irving Kolodin's book might seem, to the unwary, rather superfluous—*another* book on Beethoven? But we must remember that the three large-scale books on Beethoven which have appeared in America within the last half-dozen years—a reprint, in paperback, of the standard Thayer-Forbes biography; a biography by George R. Marek; and a documentary study by this reviewer—hardly deal with the music per se, at least in an analytical way. And our knowledge of Beethoven's music has, in recent years, been enhanced enormously by the publication of several large-scale sketchbooks previously unknown to the general public. Many works must be redated, partly as a result of information contained in these sketchbooks. And apart from problems of chronology, the sketches add a whole new dimension to our understanding of Beethoven's compositional methods. Mr. Kolodin has gleaned many of his most penetrating insights about Beethoven's "inner mind" from these sketches, at least one large volume of which is in the Soviet Union and was until recently unavailable. The general public is also busily reassessing the whole of Beethoven's early music; this statement perhaps requires some amplification.

There was a time, and not too long ago either, when Beethoven scholars and the listening public were in agreement that the early works of the master were on the whole uninteresting. This virtual dismissal of Beethoven before the *Eroica* was in line with the Victorian concept of "progress," according to which history in general, and music history in particular, was thought to reflect improvement and thus progress. Mozart was "The Great Precursor" (Sir Hubert Parry), and Haydn was a musical dwarf, giving a sort of comic relief suitable for children and musically undeveloped adults. The idea that Mozart's principal claim to fame was as a great precursor to Beethoven seems absurd today, and Haydn's position has been to a certain extent reconsidered. Now—in line with the reappraisal of Haydn and Mozart—Beethoven's early music has come in for renewed appreciation. But we must remember that the Victorians found it hard to like, simultaneously (as it were), works on opposite ends of the "progressive" scale, for example, Beethoven's Piano Sonatas opus 2 (dedicated to Haydn) and the *Hammerklavier*—opus 2 being relegated, like Mozart, to the category of great precursors.

In the last couple of decades, the public has come to love and appreciate the so-called first period of Beethoven's music for its many excellent qualities. It is, in fact, sobering to consider that *Ah, perfido!*—a gloriously beautiful work judged at any level—was composed in 1796, before Haydn finished *The Creation*. One of the most refreshing things about Irving Kolodin's new study is the refocused perspective he gives to Beethoven's early music.

He is particularly struck—as was Haydn—by the "Cantata on the Death of Joseph II" (1790), to which he devotes an entire chapter ("Beethoven's First, Forgotten, Masterpiece"). And quite

H. C. Robbins Landon is a noted Haydn scholar and the author of a documentary study of Beethoven.

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rightly. The Cantata is an astonishing work, one section of which was later taken over in *Fidelio*. When the Cantata was first (!) performed, in Vienna in 1884, Brahms wrote, with great historical and musical perception, that "it is Beethoven through and through [with its] beautiful and noble pathos. . . ." As a result of re-examining the piece, Mr. Kolodin concluded that "these considerations invite review and reappraisal of all the sizable works written by Beethoven in Bonn. . . ." He adds, at the end of this section: "Answers may be elusive, but the quest itself cannot fail to be absorbing." And absorbing it certainly is. Mr. Kolodin's words about the F Minor Sonata from the early "Kurfürsten" group, about the piano quartets, and particularly about the first Viennese piano works and the string quartets of opus 18 are alone worth the price of the book.

His discussions of the later works are certainly thought-provoking, though occasionally I feel that they suffer from a certain parochial quality that is hard to understand—for example, the suggestion that the RCA recording of the *Missa Solemnis* by Toscanini

> . . . has, in my view, been a paramount, permanent contribution to the understanding and appreciation of Beethoven's accomplishment. More recent recordings directed by Eugene Ormandy, Karl Böhm, Eugen Jochum, and Herbert von Karajan have, without doubt, been responsive to the standard of musicianship embodied in the Toscanini preparation, the supercharged performances of the vocal participants, and the worldwide acclaim with which the reproduction was received.

To this, a European might say: (1) it is seriously to be doubted that Böhm and Jochum have ever heard the Toscanini recording; (2) why is Klemperer's name nowhere mentioned?—for it is he, not Toscanini, whose name is, at least in England, revered in connection with the *Missa*; (3) for Central Europeans, it is surely the great Furtwängler tradition which was, and to some extent still is, the touchstone for the *Missa*'s performance. I am not arguing the obvious merits of the Toscanini performance but simply questioning the worldwide influence of his recording.

One excellent feature of this well-produced book is the number and accuracy of the musical examples, which make it a book for the professional as well as (hopefully) for the amateur. The Beethoven scholar may find the book too short—the subject really is endless—but I hope it will find its way into every university and college library and be made required reading for the music students thereof. It ought to be the first step in any American's study of Beethoven's music. □

New Books

The Little Hotel

by Christina Stead
Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 191 pp., $6.95

Written by the great author of *The Man Who Loved Children*—among the most strange and powerful achievements of literary realism in our time—*The Little Hotel* deals in acidulous miniature with the very large subject of Europe's social transformations following World War II. The residents of Monsieur and Madame Bonnard's impecunious little Swiss residential hotel are baffled, touching, contemptible relics of European colonial administration and the homeless, compromised leisure class it once sustained. Filled with a quaintness based more on absurdity than on charm, they are not attractive people. Besotted with their political paranoia and genteel racism, they numbly live through their heartbreaking, insufferable rituals, clinging to dwindling bank accounts, which, instead of providing them with freedom, lock them all the more tightly into small and hopeless lives. The book describes these lives with a focus that is almost disorienting in its precision.

To say that Christina Stead writes well verges on the impertinent; what is basically the plain style of English expository fiction has rarely been rendered with such originality, given such a continuously absorbing texture. In the age of realism's exhaustion, Stead has sustained herself as a great realist by bringing to bear on the banal an intelligence so closely tuned and penetrating that it renders everything as compelling, eccentric, and bizarre. And though she is the least sentimental of writers, this focus provides her with an almost (she would hate the word) theological comprehension of human pathos and vanity. In passing, one might mention that the feminists' indifference to Stead is slightly baffling. She is, for example, a much more profound—and far more politically aware—writer than the justly rehabilitated, but now vastly overpraised, Jean Rhys. Quite apart from *The Man Who Loved Children*, one thinks of Stead's overwhelming novella, *The Puzzleheaded Girl*, standing in a class by itself as a treatment of a young woman in America. In *The Little Hotel*, as in all her work, Stead's eye is cold indeed, and the trivia she sees terrible indeed. But here, as elsewhere, her intelligence, toughness, and charm also give a strange voice to the even rarer quality that one must call wisdom.

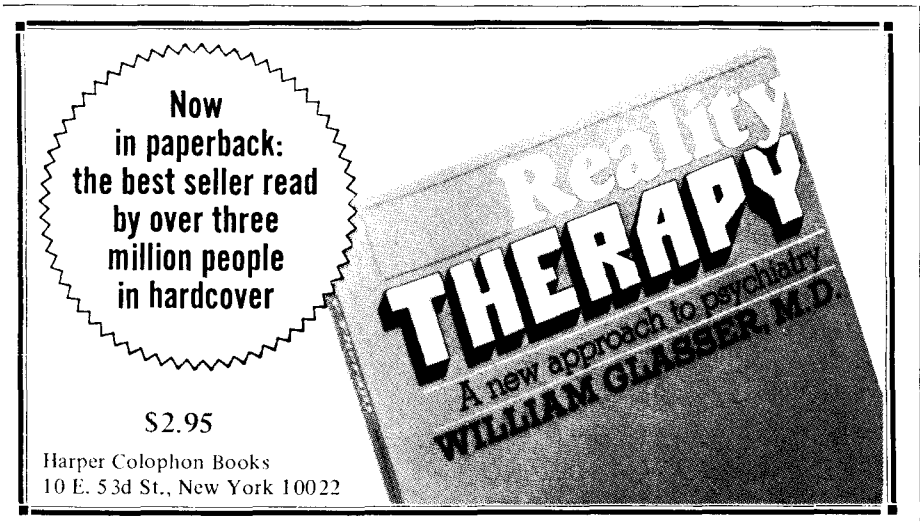
STEPHEN KOCH

•

Conversations With Kennedy

by Benjamin C. Bradlee
W. W. Norton, 256 pp., $7.95

Ben and Tony Bradlee were for a time Jack and Jackie Kennedy's closest personal friends in Washington. Bradlee, now managing editor of the *Washington Post* but then covering the capital for *Newsweek*, kept notes of the more private moments of the late President—with Kennedy's knowledge. The notes assem-



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bled in this book give us a good idea of what Jack Kennedy was really like—probably as good an idea as anything likely to be written about the martyred chief executive. That our youngest President possessed a great Irish sense of humor (some of it quite crude), a deep loyalty to all Kennedys, enormous vanity and humility in alternate doses, and continuing horror at his wife's charge accounts cannot be denied in these pages. Loosely written, as notes should be, the book is highly informal and readable as hell. That the late President was all man, that he appreciated women other than his wife, that he knew the techniques of politics as well as FDR did, and used them as skillfully, are perfectly clear in these brief pages.

Kennedy's opinion of the Joint Chiefs of Staff can barely be printed on asbestos, though he calls Maxwell Taylor "absolutely first-class." As for the rest of his military advisers, he says: "The first advice I'm going to give my successor is to watch the generals and to avoid feeling that just because they were military men their opinions on military matters were worth a damn." He is vaguely amused at Vaughn Meader's incisive imitation of his voice ("haad baagain") and not at all amused with Khrushchev, to whom he replies, "It looks like a cold winter" when Khrushchev growls that "force will be met with force." Four-letter words pop up regularly, as well as a few with more letters than that. He likes newsmen about as much as any President has, which is not at all (FDR was the exception, though he had his pet hates in journalism, too). When his father, bent old Ambassador Joe, paralyzed from head to toe on his right side and unable to do anything but make meaningless sounds and say "no, no, no, no, no" over and over again, comes to the White House, the Kennedy boys all sing to him, purposely off-key, and in a movingly gay setting make it clear who is still the head of the clan, President or no President.

Then suddenly it is Friday, November 22, 1963, and the President is in Dallas. Jackie, wearing a pink wool suit that will be spattered with the blood of her dead husband as she cradles his shattered head in her lap, has never looked better; the President has never seemed happier. The following night Jackie calls Ben and Tony Bradlee to join a bunch of personal friends at the White House, to take her mind off death and funerals. The slim volume poignantly ends with Kennedys of all ages filing silently past the Presidential casket on view in the halls of Congress.

RICHARD L. TOBIN

•

Pages From a Cold Island

by Frederick Exley
Random House, 274 pp., $7.95

The first volume of Frederick Exley's "autobiographical trilogy" was *A Fan's Notes*, published in 1968. In that work he assumed a man-in-the-grandstands posture, his stance being that of a spectator at the play of culture whose business it was to sit back and judge—usually to laud—those who had won the celebrity that eluded him. His second book is written in much the same vein. In a personal, anecdotal style, Exley takes readers through some extended memorializations of Edmund Wilson, recounts an "ill-starred" interview with Gloria Steinem in a Miami hotel room, and chronicles his brief tenure as a writer-in-residence for the Writers Workshop at the University of Iowa. He also gives us his thoughts on Norman Mailer, ponders the meaning of America's recent political assassinations and the debacle at Chappaquiddick, and recounts numerous satyric fantasies and exploits. In general, Exley tries to recapture the tenor of his alcohol- and anxiety-ridden existence—a way of life that he articulates in terms reminiscent of that carousing, edge-of-the-abyss state of being that writers like Jack Kerouac institutionalized in the late Fifties.

It takes a special kind of literary genius to use autobiography as the springboard for trenchant cultural criticism. Although much of Exley's commentary on Edmund Wilson is memorable, *Pages From a Cold Island* is far too personal and naive to be the book that Exley clearly intends it to be. His biggest problem is that despite his spectator stance Exley has by no means resigned himself to the role of the "fan." This "autobiographical trilogy" is, in fact, his own *Advertisements for Myself*, but while talent is everywhere evident in *Pages From a Cold Island*, Exley is not likely to become the literary figure that Mailer is. The bravery of Exley's venture in self-exposure notwithstanding, what one experiences most forcefully in reading this book is the poignant spectacle of a man putting himself up for sale in a market where buyers are apt to be few and far between.

JANE LARKIN CRAIN

•

Stop the Presses, I Want to Get Off! Tales of the News Business From the Pages of [More] Magazine

Edited by Richard Pollack
Random House, 338 pp., $8.95

As A. J. Liebling quipped correctly, the Constitution affords a free press only to publishers who can afford the price—which means that Truth, whatever *that* is, is subject to the prejudices of the proprietors. It is also a fact that, despite some popular confusion on this score, the Constitution guarantees a "free" press, not a good one—which means that

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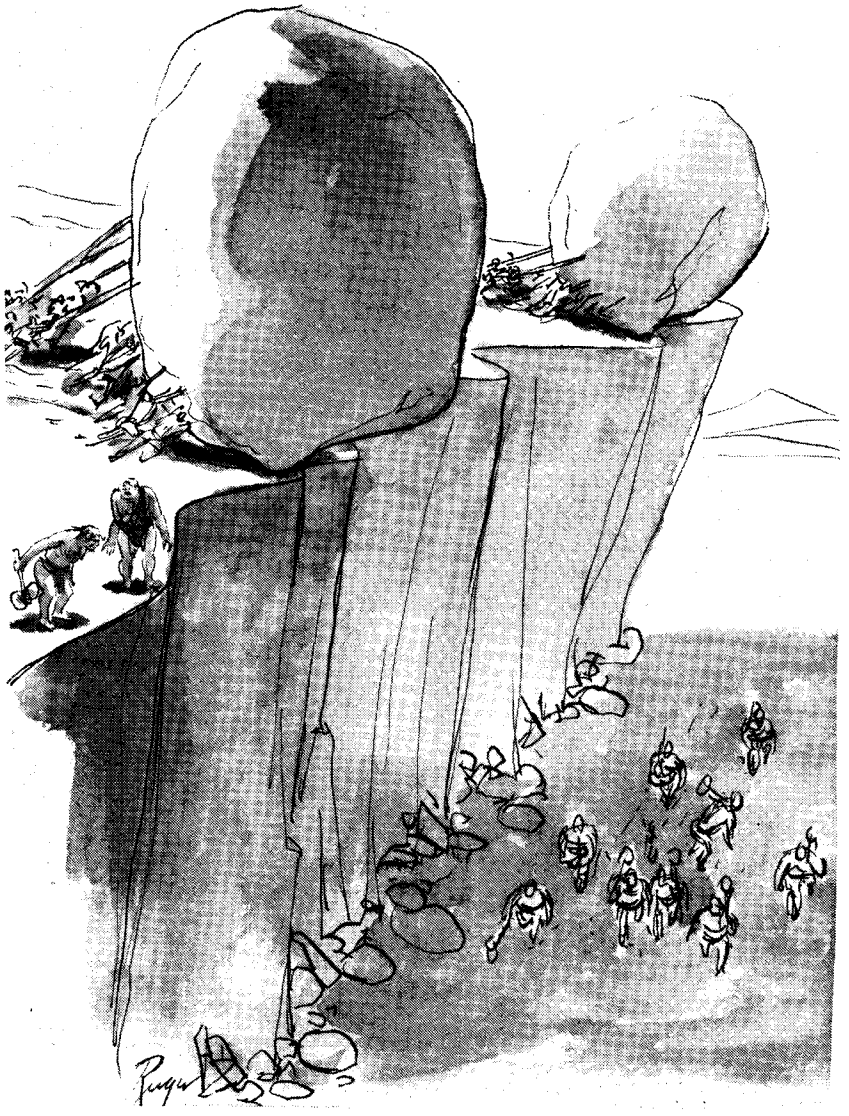
Truth is subject to the errors of imperfect practitioners. Now that, *faute de mieux*, we have anointed journalists as avenging angels and made the press our national prophet, we desperately need a constant reminder that, even unfettered, the press is an inherently flawed institution. Our conscience needs a conscience.

For several years now the many sins of the press have been subject to exposure in [*More*], an entertaining and attractive gadfly tabloid published monthly from New York, where too much of American journalism originates with the *Times* and echoes through the networks, the newsmagazines, and other national organs. Some of the two dozen longer essays from [*More*] reproduced in this collection survive the transplant better than others. As a whole, however, the result suggests that the very qualities that make [*More*] such a worthy and interesting periodical—timeliness, a prurient interest in minor sins and bizarre manifestations—do not necessarily make a good book.

This anthology, unlike its source, inexplicably ignores the TV news operations and the weekly newsmagazines, which do most of the journalism that gets done these days—and most of the worst. The book also includes David Halberstam's regrettable essay on his former *Times* and Vietnam colleague, Neil Sheehan. The piece is at once an exercise in gratuitous hagiography and self-serving condescension, and the kind of buddy-journalism that Halberstam himself, as well as [*More*] and Sheehan, too, would be among the first to skewer in different circumstances.

At $8.95 plus tax, a year's subscription to [*More*] is more for the money.

ANTHONY WOLFF



"What worries me is that this war might mean the end of civilization as we know it!"

Unquiet Soul: A Biography of Charlotte Brontë

by Margot Peters
Doubleday, 480 pp., $12.50

Like the heroine of her famous novel, Charlotte Brontë suffered at a Dickensian boarding school, served as an ill-treated governess, fell in love with a tyrannical older man, and presented to the world an unassuming mask that hid from view a fiercely romantic imagination. She was, in short, a magnificently unquiet soul, and Margot Peters's splendid account of her life is a worthy complement to *Jane Eyre*.

This biography has the texture of good fiction, with Charlotte—tiny, plain, and brilliant—emerging as a most likable and singular heroine. The men in Charlotte's life—in Peters's slightly dogmatic reading—are often cast as agents of interference and discouragement. Her stern father, for instance, is shown as both jealous of her worldly success and astonished by it. Of the two men Charlotte loved, one, a teacher and a married man, was cruelly withholding; the other, her publisher, was insensitive. When, after she was a literary success, she finally married, she was loyal and attentive to her dull husband, and—most important—she stopped writing altogether.

Peters allows herself a novelist's freedom in descriptions of setting and weather and character. We become as familiar with the Brontë family's parsonage home at Haworth as we do with the houses in *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights*. The Brontë children are, of course, a biographer's delight: Branwell, petted and indulged because he is a male, grows up dissipated, driven, wildly self-destructive; Emily, intensely private, stony, unyielding, is more an icon in a tapestry than a full-fledged personality; Anne is serenely patient and neurotically bound to Emily.

Fortunately, Peters has a strong narrative sense, and unlike many biographers she knows how to shape her wealth of detail into a consistently engaging story, the high point of which is Charlotte's timorous entry into the glittering world of literary London. Peters writes in a lively, popular style without neglecting the seriousness of her subject, and she sets up a brisk, ongoing dialogue between herself and her characters. Above all, she loves Charlotte Brontë, and she makes us care enormously about the beauty and significance of that passionate, unquiet soul.

FOSTER HIRSCH

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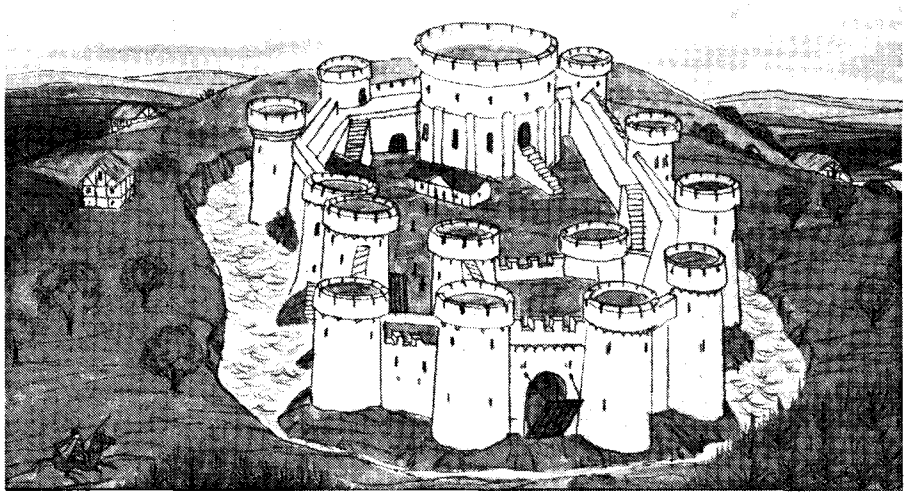
Children's Books: The Best of the Season

by William Cole

Anthropomorphism runs rampant among children's books this spring; there's even an adventure tale where you're supposed to empathize with an ant. I couldn't. But I found a lovable lobster and a dear little bear. What else? Magic, various how-tos, princesses and lowly born chaps, sex education, anti-school and pro-sleep sentiments, and the inevitable dragons. And I note that once children's-book writers and illustrators get into the field, they stay: "Mr. Blank has written 60 popular children's books . . ." and "Mr. Abernathy has illustrated more than 50." But to the books:



From *All About Houses*

For Older Children (Roughly 8–11)

Of the making of dictionaries there is no end, and the best one for young people looks to be the new *Macmillan Dictionary for Children* ($10.95). From *abacus* to *zoom*, the definitions are clear-cut, and examples of the use of the words are given. There's a pronunciation guide on each spread, there are full-color illustrations, and "dictionary language" is eliminated. I've never seen a better dictionary for the young. And I think children under eight can profit from it. And while we're on the subject, I learned a lot, painlessly, from *The Story of the Dictionary* by Robert Kraske (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $6.50). You know—Sam Johnson, Noah Webster—but much, much more: about the longest word, the word with the most definitions in the *Oxford English Dictionary* (*set,* 213), stuff about how a dictionary is compiled and written. Just fascinating.

There's a sex-education book that will make your hair stand on end. Don't blame me if it sends you up the wall; I'm just saying it's available. *Show Me!* by Helga Fleischhauer-Hardt, photographs by Will McBride (St. Martin's Press, $12.95), created a stir when it appeared in Germany, was banned and unbanned. The photos of naked children (and adults) are the shockers; the idea is that parents are supposed to go through the book with the little ones—the text at the back of the book is a guide to what to say when. It seems very high-minded and scholarly, but I haven't given it a whirl with the tots yet.

Three books of poems. *SR*'s John Ciardi, whose children's poems I have frequently anthologized, has a new book of nonsense called *Fast & Slow* (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95). He's up to his old tricks again, being funny, imaginative—and understanding what the kids enjoy. Another book of nonsense, *One Winter Night in August* by X. J. Kennedy (Margaret K. McElderry/Atheneum, $5.95), is no-holds-barred lunacy, loose and funny: "The trouble with a dinosaur/Is how to move while ambling/And how to sit and hatch her eggs/Without the whole bunch scrambling." But there's no nonsense to *The Pinnacled Tower: Selected Poems by Thomas Hardy*, edited by Helen Plotz (Macmillan, $7.50). I think the introduction will be pretty hard for kids to understand, but the poems are among the greatest in the language. Wood engravings by Clare Leighton.

Back to the sillies again, here are three: *Whoppers: Tall Tales and Other Lies*, collected from American folklore by Alvin Schwartz, illustrated by Glen Rounds (Lippincott, $5.95 cloth, $2.95 paper). This is the fifth folklore collection by Mr. Schwartz, who's found the right combination: not too much, and all of it good. Most of the tall tales are long, but we have short entries like, "There is a stream near here that twists and turns so often that when you jump across you land on the same side where you started." *Going Bananas*, compiled by Charles Keller, illustrated by Rodger Wilson (Prentice-Hall, $4.95), is page after page of people saying funny things

From *The Merrymaker*

to each other, most of them both execrable and familiar. Kids are riddle-happy, and for 95 cents you can give them a chance to drive you crazy with *Professor Egghead's Best Riddles* by Rose Wyler, illustrated by Jerry Robinson (Archway/Pocket Books).

To turn to practical things, you'll be pleasantly befuddled by *The Code and Cipher Book* by Jane Sarnoff, illustrated by Reynolds Ruffins (Scribner's, $6.95). All manner of codes explained—even taught—with oodles of miscellaneous information. There's a tapping code,

(Continued on page 34.)

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(Continued from page 31.)
which I must remember next time I'm endungeoned, and rhyming slang (kids are "God forbids") and—quick!—what letters are not on your telephone dial? In *Science Magic With Physics* by Kay Richards (Arco, $4.95), you'll learn how to boil water in a paper pot, fashion a guitar from a cigar box, and make your own rainbows. Lots of color pictures. Get those kids out of the house with *Outdoor Things to Do* by William Hillcourt, illustrated by W. T. Mars (Golden Press, $4.95): turtles for pets, bird-feeders, winter bouquets, and hundreds of other ideas. There's a real bargain in *All About Houses* (Golden Press, $3.95), written and illustrated by William Dugan. From lean-tos to the kind of house you live in: history, architecture, sociology. Explains how a heating system works almost clearly enough for me to understand—but I'm sure a small child would follow.

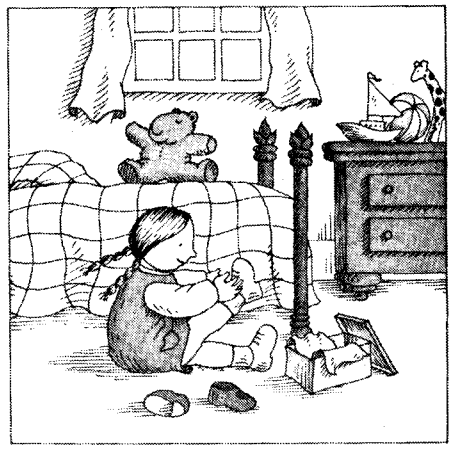
Animals, animals, animals. *Abandoned* by G. D. Griffiths (Follett, $4.94) follows a tiny pussy left on Dartmoor through her adventures, until she becomes a killer cat. *Creatures of Darkness* by John F. Waters, illustrated by Harriet Springer (Walker, $5.95), is all about bats, earthworms, sea cucumbers, badgers, and other nocturnal creatures. *Cuddles: The True Story of a Befuddled Maine Woodchuck* by Jerry MacElroy Elwell (Courier-Gazette, Rockland, Maine $4.95) tells what it's like to have a woodchuck as a house guest for four years and is illustrated with rather cloudy photographs of the little beast. *Happy Horsemanship,* written and illustrated by Dorothy Henderson Pinch (Arco, $1.95), will feed that horse-madness that little girls go through *en route* to boy-madness. No-nonsense instructions and good-natured cartoon drawings in this paperback. *Whales* by Jane Werner Watson, illustrated by Richard Amundsen (Golden Press, $4.95), is a handsome book about the mammals and their dolphin friends. Some incredible stories.

And three fictions: *Lost Bear* by Glen A. Hodges, illustrated by David K. Stone (Dutton, $6.50). Bear cub begins his adventures when he is dropped into an owl's nest, meets a wolverine, then an ill-tempered moose, but finally makes it to beardom. *Winter Pony* by Jean Slaughter Doty, illustrated by Ted Lewin (Macmillan, $5.95), is mostly about the sleighing adventures of Ginny and pony Mokey. But I was taken by the birth-of-a-foal scene. *The Werefox* by Elizabeth Coatsworth, illustrated by Ingrid Fetz (Collier Books, paperbound $1.25), is a couldn't-be-true tale of a kid who turns into a werefox from time to time. Beautifully written.

Now four stories: *The Merrymaker* by Yuri Suhl, illustrated by Thomas di Grazia (Four Winds, $5.95), is a Singeresque tale of a *badchen* ("a wedding merrymaker") who visits a poor family —in a Polish village, I take it—and at first seems like a moocher, but then . . . Could be a little classic. *Jacob Two-Two Meets the Hooded Fang* by Mordecai Richler, illustrated by Fritz Wegner (Knopf, $5.50), is a fantasy with *Alice in Wonderland* touches. Very ingenious, very imaginative, quite funny. *Ellen and the Queen* by Gillian Avery, illustrated by Krystyna Turska (Thomas Nelson, $4.95), is about how nine-year-old Ellen snuck into the big house where the Queen was visiting and *saw the Queen's legs!* Sweet. Sleepy Hollow Restorations in Tarrytown has brought out a handsome edition of Washington Irving's *Rip Van Winkle and The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* for $9.95, with illustrations by the nineteenth-century artist Felix O. C. Darley, colored for this edition by Fritz Kredel. Makes a lovely gift. And again, a lot for your money in *The Crown Snatchers* by F. K. Waechter and Bernd Eilert, translated from the German by Edite Kroll (Pantheon, $3.95, paper). A lot of story, cartoons, and picture puzzles revolving around King Fatback, a bad 'un who gets dethroned by three children. *How Wilka Went to Sea and Other Tales From West of the Urals,* translated by Mirra Ginsburg, illustrated by Charles Mikolaycak (Crown $6.95), is a gorgeous book of 11 Soviet stories and make-you-want-to-read pictures. A good buy. Another handsome book is *A Prairie Boy's Summer,* paintings and story by William Kurelek (Houghton

From *How Wilka Went to Sea*

From *About Owls*



From *New Blue Shoes*

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Mifflin, $7.95), who covered the fellow's winter in an earlier book. Full-page, full-color paintings of such things as approaching thunderstorms, field day, and mending fences, with straightforward, nostalgic text.

For Younger Children (Roughly 3–8)

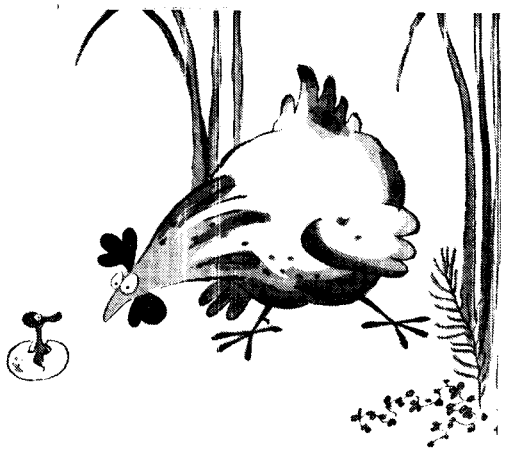
Where books are written and illustrated by the same person, I give his name only once. Here's *Science Puzzles* by Laurence B. White, Jr., drawings by Marc Tolon Brown (Addison-Wesley, $5.25). Funny-looking kids show you how to freeze a penny in an ice cube, how to demonstrate that your foot and your arm are the same length, and similar silliness. *Did the Sun Shine Before You Were Born?* by Sol and Judith Gordon, illustrated by Vivien Cohen (Third Press, $4.95), is a sex-education primer. Nice gentle illustrations, guaranteed not to scare any child. (There

From *Anno's Alphabet*

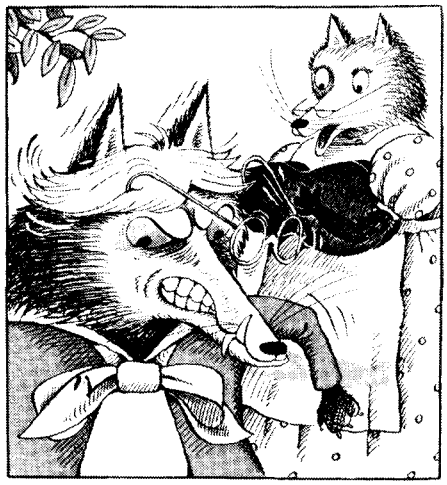
are so many of these books each season you'd think the subject is important.) *Snakes* by Ruth Belov Gross (Four Winds, $6.95). I didn't know that baby snakes had an egg tooth whose whole purpose was to get them out of the shell. And lots more I didn't know about the slitherers. Illustrated with photographs, many in color. *About Owls* by May Garelick, illustrated by Tony Chen (Four Winds, $6.95). Straightforward, intimate writing, handsome pictures. Conclusion: owls aren't any wiser than other birds—but they're wise enough for owls. *The Blue Lobster: A Life Cycle* by Carol Carrick, illustrated by Donald Carrick (Dial, $4.95). A baby is a lobsterling. I like that. I never thought I could read a whole book, and learn to care, about a lobster. Our hero in this case grew to weigh 35 pounds. Yummy! *Spring Peepers* by Judy Hawes, illustrated by Graham Booth (T. Y. Crowell, $4.50). All about these lovable little fellows. Here's a poignant statement: "The females do not sing at all." *The Bird Book*, edited by Richard Shaw (Warne, $4.95), is a poetry and prose anthology illustrated by diverse famous hands: Roger Duvoisin, Paul Galdone, Symeon Shimin, and so forth. *Boden's Beasts* by John Woodside, designed by Arthur Boden (Two Continents, $4.95). How to make clever, funny animals out of egg containers, salt boxes, rubber bands, and such.

Little kids should have books about everyday things. *New Blue Shoes* by Eve Rice (Macmillan, $5.95) is about going downtown with Mama to get shod. Nice background detail. Here's my favorite of all this crop of little-kiddie books: *The Steamroller* by Margaret Wise Brown, illustrated by Evaline Ness (Walker, $5.95). What more natural than Daisy's parents' giving her a steamroller for Christmas? So out she goes and rolls flat a pig, a rooster, and various humans; then, with a new present, a steam shovel, she scoops them up again, as good as new. Nervy and funny. If you're moving, and have a small child, you can soothe him with *I'm Moving* by Martha Whitmore Hickman, illustrated by Leigh Grant (Abingdon, $5.25). Little William moves, and likes his new place even better than the old one. *Anno's Alphabet* by Mitsumasa Anno (T. Y. Crowell, $6.95) is the whole alphabet done in mysterious wooden letters, where the perspective boggles you. A really far-out alphabet book. *Who's Got the Apple?* by Jan Lööf (Random House, $.95, paper) is a funny, wordless picture book about a great apple that passes from hand to hand in a charming Danish village. *The Man From Ironbark* by A. B. Paterson, illustrated by Quentin Hole (Collins & World, $5.95). A classic Australian ballad, newly illustrated in glowing colors, about a hick in the big city. *The Magic Cooking Pot* by Faith M. Towle (Houghton Mifflin, $6.95). An Indian legend about a poor man and a great pot. The pictures are done in an incredibly difficult and handsome technique—batik—which is explained in an afterword.

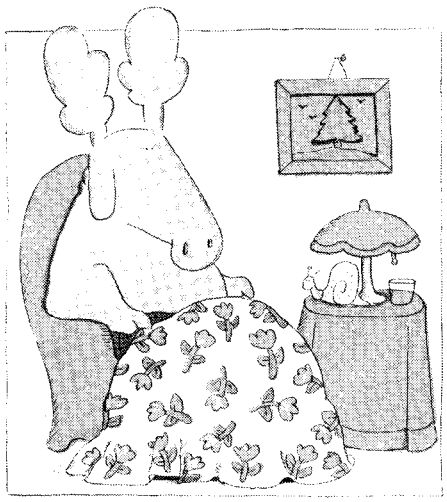
Here's *The Stonecutter: A Japanese Folk Tale* by Gerald McDermott (Vi-



From *The Egg Book*

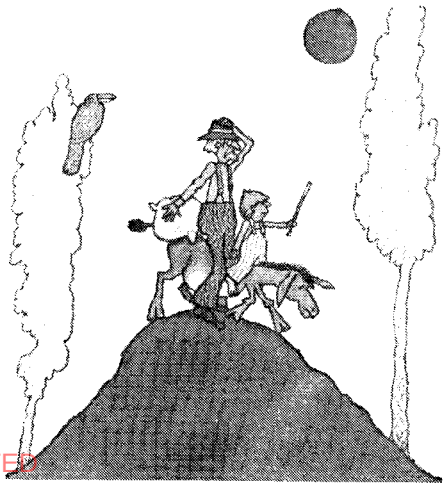


From *Walter the Wolf*



From *The Guest*

From *Old Man Whickutt's Donkey*



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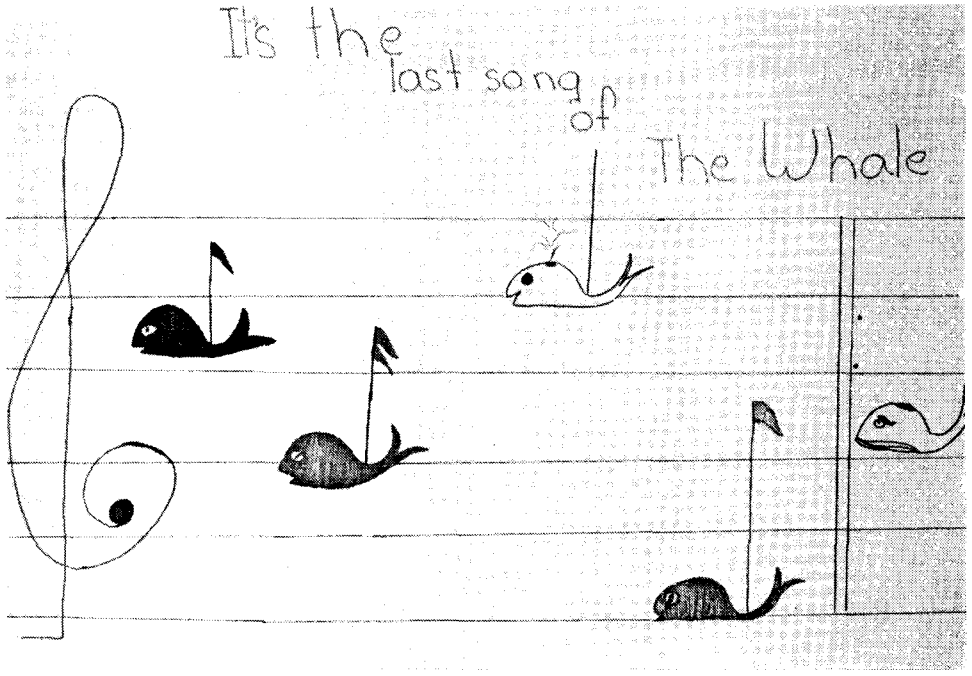
From *5 Men Under 1 Umbrella*

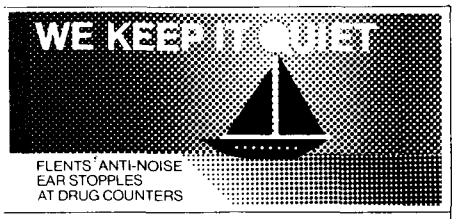


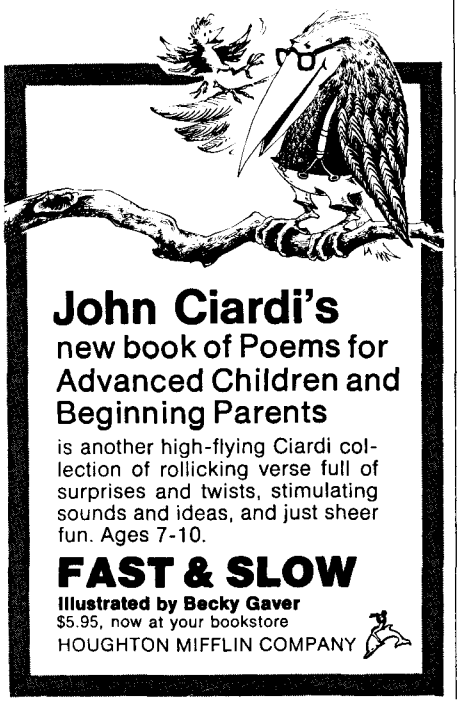
From *There's a Sound in the Sea . . .*

king, $6.95). The lavish, semi-abstract collages are the thing here, as in the artist's other books. Stonecutter transformed into prince. *The Egg Book* by Jack Kent (Macmillan, $5.95). Very funny. Chicken sits on wrong eggs: alligator, ostrich, turtle. Finally hits right one. No words. The kids laugh out loud. *The Clumpets Go Sailing* by Jan Wahl, illustrated by Cindy Szekeres (Parents', $4.95). Took a while to figure out what kind of animals the Clumpets are—shrews! A family of them takes a pot of soup to Uncle Skinny, reputed to be ill. Charming. *Owliver* by Robert Kraus, illustrated by José Aruego and Ariane Dewey (Windmill/Dutton, $6.95). Oversize book apparently about a Jewish owl whose father says, "Better he should be a lawyer or a doctor" when Owliver expresses a desire to be an actor. The fun is in the pictures, but I can't figure out how two people drew them. *Walter the Wolf* by Marjorie Weinman Sharmat, illustrated by Kelly Oechsli (Holiday, $6.95). A Ferdinand among wolves, Walter has big fangs, so Wyatt the Fox sets him up as a biter—but the biter gets bit. Lovely landscape and silly details. *The Guest* by James Marshall (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95). Moose befriends a snail, which disappears. "I hope he didn't go to France," moose says, with a shudder. Jolly and silly. *Old Man Whickutt's Donkey* by Mary Calhoun, illustrated by Tomie de Paola (Parents', $4.95). Often-told story of, who rides the donkey or does the donkey ride you? Exuberant. *Amelia Mixed the Mustard and Other Poems*, illustrated by Evaline Ness (Scribner's, $6.95). Twenty poems about girls by such as Belloc, Farjeon, and Nash. Some confusion about what age this should be for; I mean, it's a picture book, but will young kids understand the poems?

The Kidnapping of the Coffee Pot by Kay Saari, illustrated by Henri Galeron (Harlin Quist/Dell, $5.95). A lavishly illustrated tale about some happy junk: a coffee pot, a lawn mower, and a pair of old shoes whose tranquility is broken when an old man steals the pot. The assorted junk chases him, and all ends up well.

Billy's Balloon Ride by Reiner Zimnik (Hubbard, $5.25). Everyone gives Billy balloons for his birthday; he attaches them to his bed and is carried sky-high. How does he get back to earth? The amusing illustrations are the fun. *5 Men Under 1 Umbrella* by Joseph Low (Macmillan, $5.95). Riddle-happy kids will go for this neatly illustrated book. When is a girl like a small bucket? When she's a little pale. *A Bedtime Story* by Joan Goldman Levine, illustrated by Gail Owens (Dutton, $5.50). A nice twist: Arathusela puts her parents to bed and copes with all their delaying tactics. *There's a Sound in the Sea . . . : A Child's-Eye View of the Whale*, collected by Tamar Griggs (Scrimshaw, $10.95). Ecology as viewed in poetry, prose, and color pictures by children. If you appreciate children's art, it's for you. Or prose, in one child's spelling: "Don't kill, love the whales, keep them saef!" □

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artsletter

Prepared in cooperation with the National Society of Literature and the Arts.

TEENAGE WRITING SCHOLARSHIPS. With the help of a grant from the Ford Foundation, Interlochen Arts Academy is initiating a creative writing program for pre-college students between the ages of 12 and 17. Courses will begin this September, and extensive scholarships are available. Students interested in gaining practical experience in writing fiction, nonfiction, and poetry should contact the academy's Admissions Office, at Interlochen, Mich. 49643. Successful applicants will be admitted into the writing programs on one of three levels--major, minor, or apprentice. Professional writers are to visit Interlochen during the school year for lectures and workshops.

CLOSED FOR REPAIRS (I). Last month the Philadelphia Museum of Art closed its doors for 8 million dollars' worth of repairs. When they reopen next February, in time for the onset of Bicentennial visitors who are expected to throng the city, Philadelphia's vast Greco-Roman-style museum will have been enlarged, air-conditioned, and otherwise refurbished and renovated. Meanwhile, to provide interim cultural sustenance for Philadelphia residents, the museum is putting a few of its most popular paintings on rotating exhibit at the nearby Rodin Museum.

CLOSED FOR REPAIRS (II). A year from now New York's Avery Fisher Hall (née Philharmonic Hall) at Lincoln Center will shut down for five months in order to undergo a total reconstruction of its much-criticized auditorium. From an acoustic standpoint, the hall has been the bane of musicians and listeners ever since it opened in 1962. At that time the conductor George Szell advised Lincoln Center to "tear it down and start over." Instead, various attempts were made--at a cost of about $2 million--to improve the acoustics within the original architectural framework. They were, at best, only moderately successful. Now, partly because of the decision of the Philadelphia Orchestra and the Boston Symphony to abandon Avery Fisher Hall for Carnegie Hall, the advice of George Szell is being heeded: the present auditorium will be completely gutted and rebuilt from floor to ceiling.

The new interior will be built under the supervision of acoustician Cyril M. Harris and architect Philip Johnson. Dr. Harris has an excellent track record (the new Metropolitan Opera House, Kennedy Center, Orchestra Hall in Minneapolis, among others), and his plans for the New Avery Fisher Hall are traditional: a rectangular shape, wood flooring and paneling, plaster ceiling, and plenty of architectural devices for good diffusion of sound. One problem with the present hall is psycho-acoustical. Because of its converging walls and ceiling, the stage looks much more remote than it really is. Dr. Harris says that the distance from apron to rear wall is only a few feet greater than in Boston's widely admired Symphony Hall.

Funds for the reconstruction--estimated at $3 million--are being provided by Avery Fisher, the retired audio-equipment manufacturer, after whom the hall was renamed in 1973. Mr. Fisher reckons that when all the bills are added together, the cost of Lincoln Center's concert hall will probably surpass that of any other edifice since the Taj Mahal.

THE PLATH PIPELINE. Judging by the sheer quantity of editions and studies of Sylvia Plath, she has become a major cult figure. The poet and novelist, who committed suicide in 1963, gained posthumous success with her only novel, The Bell Jar

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(175,000 copies sold in hard cover, now available in a million-and-a-half Bantam printing), and with a collection of poems entitled Ariel. The latter has had an astonishing sale of 160,000 copies in the Harper paperback edition. Only Rod McKuen, hardly the same kind of poet, could match that.

Here's what's coming up in the Plath pipeline. In August Seabury Press will bring out a critical biography, Sylvia Plath: Method and Madness, by poet Edward Butscher. In September Harper & Row will be publishing Plath's last book of poetry, Crossing the Water, in paperback and a collection of some thousand letters, most of them written to her literary mentor, Olive Higgins Prouty, her brother, and her mother (who has edited the volume, entitled Letters Home). In October, also from Harper & Row, comes a scholarly work by poet Judith Kroll, Chapters in Mythology: The Poetry of Sylvia Plath. And in the spring we can look forward to the definitive Collected Poems (including many previously unpublished) and Selected Stories, chosen by her husband and fellow poet, Ted Hughes.

FAIR USE OR FREE USE? Controversy that has smoldered for years over the outmoded 1909 Copyright Act is flaming again. After being stymied in 1967 and 1974, a revised copyright bill (HR 2223) is before Senate hearings this month -- still replete with unresolved issues. Should cable TV and juke-box business be exempt from paying royalties? Should performers be entitled to copyright benefits? And when does "fair use" become free use? The 1909 lawmakers never envisioned copying machines, now used in libraries as instant presses that churn out thousands of journal reprints for systematic supply -- a practice that publishers claim may put the journal business out of business. But despite conflicts, the Ninety-third Congress gave a two-year extension to expiring copyrights -- optimistically expecting the omnibus bill to be passed soon.

STEREO BY SATELLITE. National Public Radio may soon distribute programming--to its 179 nationwide member stations--by satellite. The first demonstration of stereophonic radio programming by satellite transmission was presented to NPR station representatives at a recent conference in Washington, D.C. The 45-minute musical program originated at RCA's ground station at Valley Forge, Pa., was then beamed to the Anik II satellite, and back to a receiver terminal atop NPR facilities in Washington. Station personnel were shown that satellite capability is not only technically feasible for NPR but also financially possible; ground receiver terminals are estimated to cost $15,000 per station for equipment and installation.

According to the NPR director of operations and program administration, George Geesey, at least 25 NPR stations may be converted in the next two or three years (at present, NPR stations broadcast, both live and by tape, over the monaural facilities of AT&T and its associated companies). Satellite distribution will enable NPR to offer six independent stereo program channels that could include cultural-affairs programming, public-affairs programming, jazz and classical music, minority-affairs programming, and a separate channel devoted to regional-programming exchanges among stations. With satellite capability NPR can also feed these services simultaneously so that a member station can select the type of programming it wishes to broadcast.

GARRET LIFE IN GERMANY. Despite West Germany's economic prosperity and lavish state subsidies for cultural institutions, it is no lotus land for individual artists. According to a study conducted by the Bonn government, West German actors, painters, sculptors, and musicians have a mean income one-third less than that of comparably educated schoolteachers, engineers, and government officials. Moreover, about 6,000 West German artists--approximately 10 percent of the country's total--are living below subsistence level.

ARTSLETTER is prepared in cooperation with the National Society of Literature and the Arts, Suite 302, 1424 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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Rhythm of the Earth

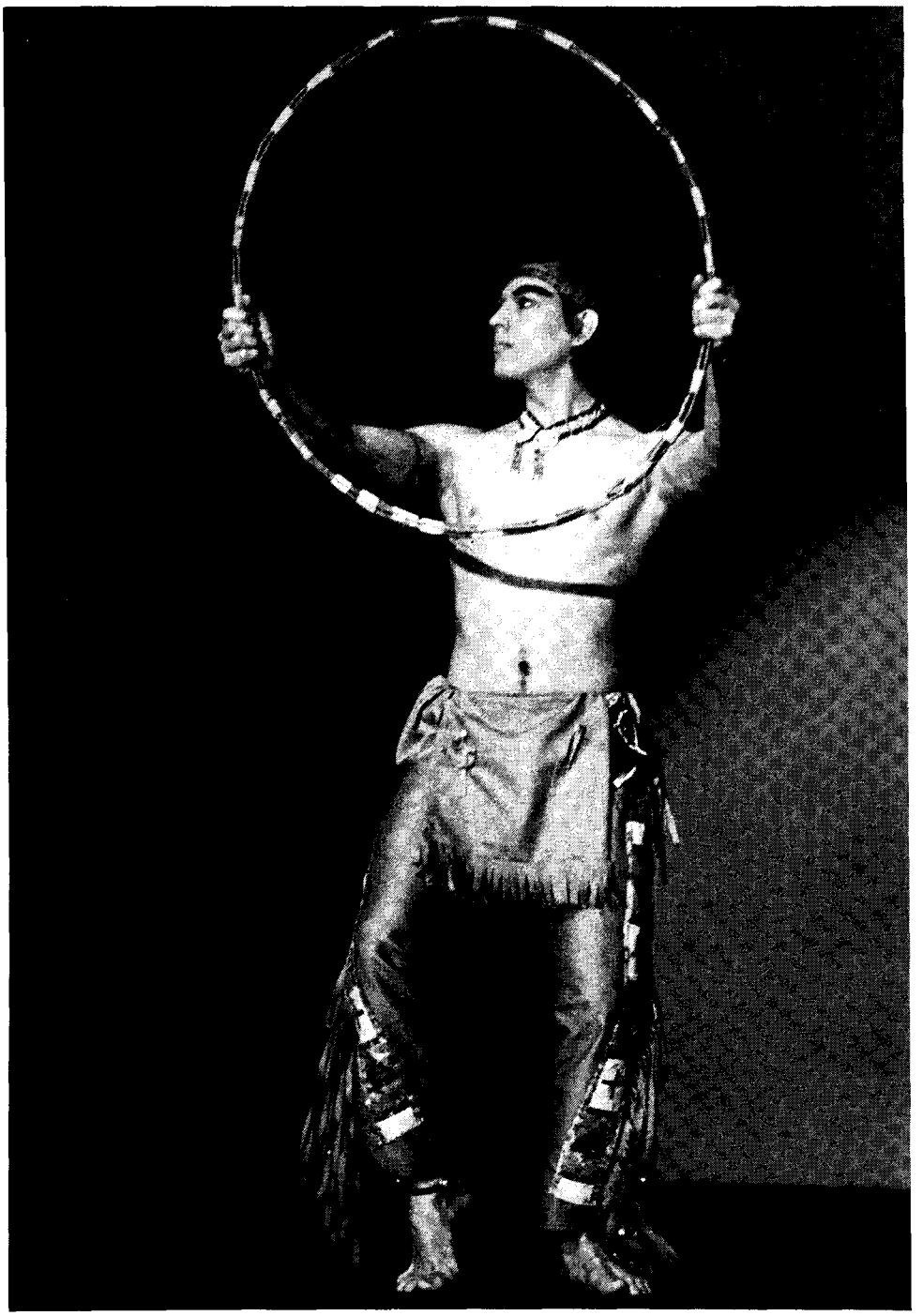
by Walter Terry

The Apache youth listened to the words of the invocation: "Center I stand, a living tree." He too was standing, standing upon a stage ready to perform an American Indian hoop dance in a program called "America Has Many Faces," produced by the Matteo EthnoAmerican Dance Theater. "I was there in the middle," he says, "and you feel, as the words come, that you *are* the living tree. It excited me. It prepared me for my dance, and I felt a kind of nobility when I did the dance itself."

Homer Garza, an urban Indian from Texas, had been remote from tribal life. Roma, his birthplace, is near the Mexican border. "The Spanish missionaries did a job of separating my ancestors from tribal ways. In fact, many Indians in that part of Texas think of themselves as Mexican-Americans. Most are part-Mexican, and I have some Mexican blood. But, more than anyone else in my family, I feel close to my Indian heritage. It's good to know where you came from."

Glamorous precedents have long since been set for Homer in the white man's world of dance by international ballet stars of Indian blood. Maria Tallchief, born on an Osage reservation in Oklahoma, grew up to become, in the Forties and Fifties, America's most famous ballerina, star of the New York City Ballet, the wife of George Balanchine, and the highest-paid ballerina of the day. Her younger sister, Marjorie Tallchief, was the first American in more than a century to be appointed *première danseuse étoile* of the exclusive Paris Opéra.

The Tallchiefs were not alone as American Indian stars in a European classical dance. Rosella Hightower (a Choctaw) was (and is) a prima ballerina adored first in her homeland, then in France, the Soviet Union, and China. Mouscelyne Larkin (Shawnee) and Yvonne Chouteau (Cherokee) rose to ballerina rank in the European-born, American-nurtured Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. Of the men, Frank Overlees, a Delaware, became a featured dancer in the Thirties with Ted Shawn and his Men Dancers, and today, William Carter, a Cherokee, takes his prodigious non-Indian dance technique to the American Ballet Theatre, the Martha Graham Dance Company, and even into Spanish dance re-



Susan Cook

Homer Garza in Indian hoop dance—" 'Center I stand, a living tree.' "

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Photographs: Susan Cook

Garza in dances from (top to bottom) Sweden, Mexico, and Greece—" 'I am all the peoples that I dance . . . I keep coming closer to my Indian self.' "

citals! For young Homer, other Indians blazed the trail in the white man's dance world.

Homer Garza, at 22, is tall, handsome, powerful of build (he was a high-school and college athlete), with black hair and a flashing smile. Not many months ago he was a music major in Texas, where he started ballet studies only to help him move better as a potential opera singer. He responded to ballet so wholeheartedly that he moved right out of opera and into dance. At present, he stands at the threshold of a way of life, and he is certain he has his bearings, his direction. He wants to finish college without giving up his dancing. In both music and dance, classicism draws him. "I feel a sense of beauty when I do something classical. That's why I love ballet. With all its technical difficulties, it has a simplicity about it. The American Indian has simplicity, too. They aren't as far apart as you might think.

"I keep coming nearer to my Indian self, and now I feel that to mix ballet and Indian ways is a good idea." The young Apache smiled, "Of course I shall be—for I am—all the peoples that I dance in Matteo's show. . . . I don't just *play* at being someone else; I *am* all those characters. But when I stand, at the start, like 'a living tree' and raise my arms to the sky at the end, I feel that nobility."

He stopped smiling and looked at me with great earnestness: "Yes, I would like to mix the Indian with ballet. Simplicity and nobility and strength are in both. When you mix simplicity and strength it is . . . very beautiful."

THE LATE JOSÉ LIMÓN, founder-director-choreographer-star of one of the great modern-dance companies of our age, was Mexican-born of Indian ancestry. How well he would have understood Homer's emerging awareness of his Indian heritage. How proud he would have been to be able to cast this Apache youth in his own all-male ballet, *The Unsung*, his tribute to eight great American Indian chieftains who fought for the honor of their people.

Limón was a big man but a very simple, gentle human being. He carried with him onto the stage tremendous virility and nobleness of presence. He was not an exponent of classical European ballet, but rather of American modern dance, a technique of movement that enabled him to express his dramatic ideas, biblical themes (relating them to modern psychology), and especially those In-

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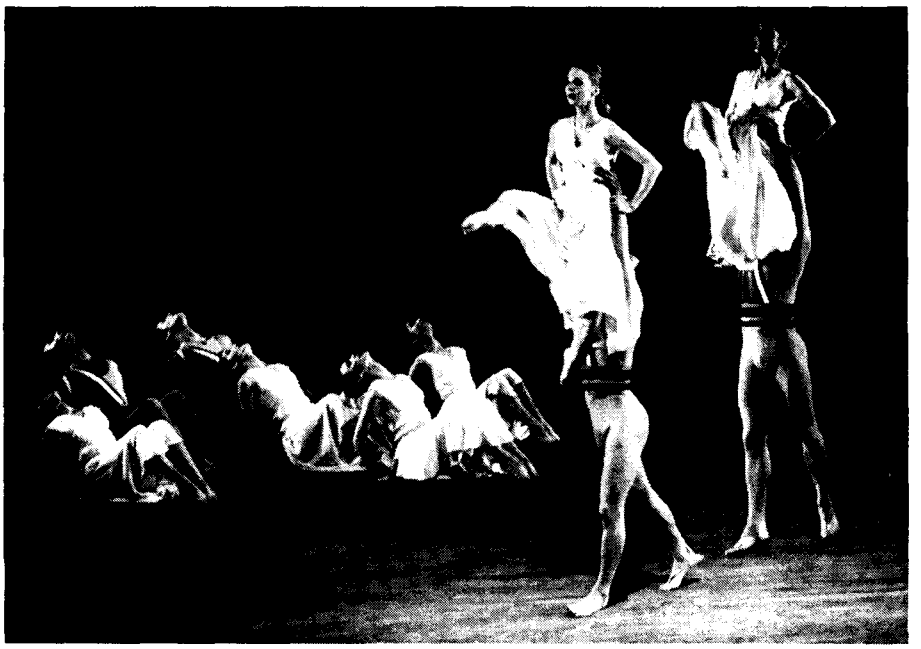

Martha Swope

Limón company in Humphrey's *Brandenburg Concerto*—"Fascinating complexities."

José Limón—"Simplicity and strength."

dian-rooted situations which celebrated the common Indian or, perhaps, the famous Benito Juárez. In these, he revealed that mixture of simplicity and strength that, later, a young Apache would describe as "very beautiful."

Limón died in 1972, when he was only 64, but such was his strength, so beautiful were his dance talents, so devoted were his followers, that his company has survived his death, the only modern-dance company to continue after the passing of its founder. With his legacy of many, many dances—including such Mexican-Indian-inspired creations as *La Malinche, Tonanzintla,* and his last choreography, *Carlota* (the mad Empress of Mexico), as well as his world-famous *The Moor's Pavane*—he has also bequeathed dance masterworks created for him by the late Doris Humphrey, his artistic director and choreographic guide, and herself a titan of modern-dance choreography.

In the spring season presented by the José Limón Dance Company (now directed by a veteran Limón dancer, Ruth Currier) in New York's Harkness Theater, audiences witnessed a threshold crossing by a company that had lost its two choreographic and directorial geniuses but had not lost the creative impetus both had generated. Limón left behind 69 dance works; Miss Humphrey, even more (and it is to be hoped that many of them will be permitted by the Humphrey estate to be reborn in the company she cherished). But legacy is not enough. New works are being made in that concept of dance as a profound expression of human experience, both tormented and ecstatic, in which Limón believed. Miss Currier completed a work that Miss Humphrey began shortly before her death, and has produced herself a new piece this season. Anna Sokolow, in tribute to Limón's Spanish heritage, contributed her new *Homage to Federico García Lorca.* A choreographic workshop will foster still other new works. There is, then, just as much of a future for the dance visions of the late Mexican-Indian Limón as there is a potential for the 22-year-old Indian-Mexican dance hopeful, Garza. Simplicity and strength and, yes, nobility provide the guidelines.

The recent engagement by the José Limón Dance Company had its troubles. A principal dancer was injured opening night, a wind storm caused metal roof structures to crash unmercifully, a music tape broke in performance. But for the most part, the dancers performed with precision, vitality, and lively dedication. At times, their spirits caught fire and they would dance Limón's *Missa Brevis* or *There Is a Time* or Humphrey's historic *Shakers* with a zeal that was electrifying. How wonderful to take part in the mesmeric self-hypnosis of *The Shakers,* with its re-creation of religious fervor, and how lovely to see Miss Humphrey's final work, the first movement of *Brandenburg Concerto,* in which fascinating complexities of architectural form and contrapuntal patterns seen, heard, and interwoven were projected with the disarming simplicity that only a master craftsman can achieve.

I do think that for the Humphrey works, Miss Currier must guide her young dancers back to that core essential of the Humphrey dance concept, movement fall and recovery and all the gravitational and anti-gravitational degrees in between, if today's dancers are to recapture the excitement, the suspense, even the peril that characterized the dancing in the formative and evolving and near-cresting period when Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman were leading their dancers into a new era of theater-dance experience.

But in experiments, in trials, in testings, and in new dance frontiers, America does indeed hold a unique position, for in our presentations of classical ballet, of modern dance (both non-ethnic, international techniques of movement), and, curiously enough, in the dances of the many races and nations that make up our citizenry, there is a place in the center for the American Indian who says in his invocation, "The rhythm of the earth is my rhythm. Center I stand, a living tree." □

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Theater

by Barbara Mackay

Yes, Paddy, There Is a Theater Audience

In the foreseeable future, I see nothing for me on Broadway. It's really because there are no audiences. The theater has become a kind of unnecessary institution. —*Paddy Chayefsky,* New York Times, *January 12, 1975*

Wrong, Mr. Chayefsky, though it's easy to see why you and so many others considered Broadway moribund in recent years. But this season things have changed. Not only is there a Broadway audience; there are three: the old guard has become active again, and two groups of newcomers have emerged, encouraged by more efficient ticket distribution and more effective advertising.

Audience I consists of the remaining dinner-jacket elite who occasionally venture south of Fifty-seventh Street and west of Fifth Avenue, for a show and dinner at Sardi's, ladies who attend Wednesday matinees in little flocks, executives who wine, dine, and entertain clients, wealthy couples who go to see (or be seen at) the latest hit in order to stock up on theater chatter for upcoming cocktail parties.

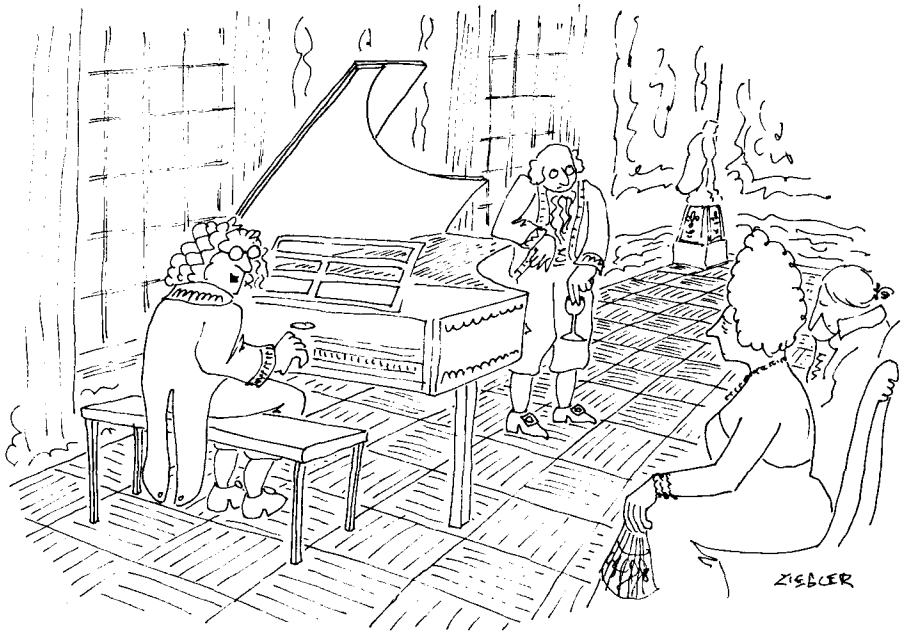
Clearly, Mr. Chayefsky had written this audience off as incapable of appreciating anything but sentimental froth and bubbly musicals of the sort they've been offered in recent years: *A Little Night Music, Irene, Gypsy, Lorelei.* But this crowd is changing, getting tougher, more liberal. It has placidly endured a nude scene in *Equus,* listening to a young boy graphically describe his sexual-religious worship of a horse; it has watched Sandy Dennis's repeated abortive attempts at suicide in *Absurd Person Singular*; it has staunchly supported *The Ritz,* a comedy set in a hotel whose patrons are primarily male homosexuals; and it has even applauded Murray Schisgal's *All Over Town,* a farce based on the black male's supposed sexual superiority and his infallible appeal to white females. Hardly your conventional theater-party fare.

If those theatergoers still don't please Mr. Chayefsky, there's Audience II, made up of a younger, hipper, post-Beatles, post-*Hair* generation, which doesn't expect its musicals to stay comfortably behind the proscenium arch, but to spill out around the audience, *à la Candide,* and which does expect its "straight" plays to reflect the fact that much of urban life is not "straight." This is the audience that now really determines the economic welfare of many Broadway shows. *Shenandoah,* a lifeless imitation of *Oklahoma!,* loped along, while *The Wiz,* a black version of *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* full of finger-poppin', jive-talkin', very cool characters, played to full houses every night.

Though Audience II may still attach status to sitting in the orchestra, though it may still equate the success of an evening with the amount of money spent, and though it's not necessarily more liberal politically than Audience I, it is altering the old images associated with Broadway. The "average" theatergoers are no longer a middle-aged man and his mink-coated wife who prize their tickets for their inaccessibility and their outrageous price, and who see only what Clive Barnes recommends. Rather, they are more likely to be a denim-clad couple (though admittedly a diamond-studded denim outfit may cost more than the mink) who sandwich their theater dates in between backgammon tournaments and discothequing.

This audience includes everyone from teenyboppers to swingers fending off middle age. It consists of single men and women, married and unmarried couples, has a larger proportion of blacks and homosexuals than Audience I does, and is a prime target for the Fifties nostalgia shows (*Grease* and *Dance With Me*), for the "youth-oriented" shows (*The Magic Show,* a concoction of first-rate hokum by a young, long-haired magician), as well as for the plays dealing with contemporary psychological and sexual problems: *Absurd Person Singular, Equus, The Ritz, Same Time Next Year, P.S. Your Cat Is Dead, In Praise of Love,* and *All Over Town.*

Audience II is also ready to support the more off-beat productions on Broadway, like *The Rocky Horror Show,* a blend of Boris Karloff movies, rock music, and transvestism—a production one might have expected (and preferred) to find tucked away in some wretched loft in Soho. In general, Audience II's tastes run to the new and different more than to the familiar and approved; and, though the group may include a number of unemployed ex-stockbrokers, it is financially stable enough to risk wasting $10 or $12 per ticket. Even the youngest members of this audience have money and are as ready to spend it on Broadway shows as on the latest record album.



"After that I wrote Symphony no. 8 in A Minor, which goes something like this. . . ."

Audience III is less affluent. Comprising students, blue-collar workers, and professionals, this audience is largely the

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creation of TKTS, the Times Square Theater Center, which sells half-price tickets for the same day's performance. According to the current TKTS financial report, its patrons are younger, less wealthy, and better educated (median age 30, median income $15,800, 70 percent college graduates) than most customers who buy directly from the box office (median age 40, median income $17,100, 45 percent college graduates).

Although Audience III's impact is small in relation to box-office grosses (during the first year of TKTS's operation it accounted for about 6 percent of Broadway's income), there is no question that it has contributed, and will continue to contribute, to a basic sociological change, making Broadway less an Elite Street and more a vital entertainment source available to a much broader public.

Economic pressures, restricted travel, the presence of several good shows and many big stars, and the current appetite for entertainment are all partially responsible for the emergence of these three audiences. But there is another factor that has been more important than all the others combined in the creation of a new, younger audience: the increased use of radio and television advertising, which has parlayed that hunger for entertainment into a massive compulsion to consume. If nothing else, this season will go down in history as the year producers finally became aware of the power of the tube.

Last spring, for example, *Pippin* had been doing six months of good business, but went into a little slump before summer. After an excellent television spot, its box-office sales perked up immediately. After that, an effective television campaign was launched for *Raisin* (although the TV spot distorted the production, making the story of a black family's struggle for survival look like an African dance spectacular), and *The Magic Show* recovered from a bad start soon after it was advertised on TV. But *The Wiz* offers the best proof of how television, traditionally a threat to legitimate theater, has been employed to bolster Broadway. Clive Barnes, the *New York Times* critic whose negative reviews have been known to close shows overnight, gave *The Wiz* a fair to middling review, but the producers countered with a $45,000 TV campaign, and within two weeks it became the hottest show in town, its weekly grosses shooting from $70,000 to $110,000.

Even though it's expensive (it may cost as much as $30,000 to produce a good commercial and another $4,000 per minute of prime time), TV ads reach a newer, broader, younger audience, and the total TV investment may buy far more attention than will the $14,000 you pay for a full-page ad in the Sunday *New York Times*.

There's also a new Off-Broadway and Off-Off-Broadway crowd emerging, too. The classic long-haired, bead-and-bell types have been replaced by an apparently more conservative group, though shock-thresholds have altered in Greenwich Village as surely as they have on Broadway. The audience that has kept the primarily nude, utterly lewd sex musical *Let My People Come* running for over a year, and that supported the female impersonator Charles Pierce for an extended engagement last winter, is basically a middle-class, suburban, middle-aged, heterosexually coupled crowd. At a recent production at the La Mama Experimental Theater, which used to be the most avant of avant-garde theaters, several white-haired ladies seemed to enjoy thoroughly the spectacle of scantily clad prostitutes prancing about, delivering obscenities and sexy dialogue on cue. And the Theater Development Fund, which offers vouchers to students, teachers, servicemen, churchworkers and the like, allowing them to see Off-Off-Broadway shows at about one dollar apiece, reports that a good portion of its patrons are over 60, men and women who can no longer afford Broadway prices and have been forced to limit themselves to revivals by small companies in out-of-the-way theaters.

In short, Mr. Chayefsky, there are audiences. The orchestras of plush legitimate theaters may be filled with sophisticated 16-year-olds and millionaires in blue jeans while some of Broadway's older ex-patrons are sitting in the bleachers in drafty Greenwich Village lofts—but the spectators are there. The question to be asked now is why America's playwrights have not sought them out before this, why—with the single exception of Edward Albee—our writers are avoiding the stage. Could it be that it's not the public but the playwright for whom theater has become an "unnecessary institution"? □

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Seeing Things

by Hollis Alpert

The "Python" perpetrators (left to right): Eric Idle, Graham Chapman, Michael Palin, John Cleese, Terry Jones, Terry Gilliam—"Entirely fruitless, irreverent, ridiculous, madly insane."

The Quest of Monty Python

The lines extended around the block from Cinema II, New York's fancy little arthouse, when it presented the first preview of *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*. How odd, then, that the film's creators and perpetrators had to shop around for several months before they were able to find a distributor for the funniest movie since . . . well, since *Young Frankenstein*. Wasn't anyone in the business aware that "Monty Python's Flying Circus" had been taking ratings away from most of New York's commercial channels during its late-Sunday-night showings on WNET, the PBS station, and that some 50 other PBS stations around the country had taken on the BBC program with the same audience response? It seems that millions of our young have taken to heart the six-member group that writes, directs, and performs (and also animates) the brilliant nonsense.

WHO IS MONTY PYTHON? He doesn't exist, of course, or, as one of the group puts it, "He is nowhere and everywhere." The humor of the six zanies comes from what is now a British tradition that began with "The Goon Show" and invaded the stage with *Beyond the Fringe*, and, more recently, *Good Evening*. While all concerned claim that what they do is utterly without redeeming social value, they are merely demonstrating becoming modesty. There is considerable social and entertainment value in pricking pretension, satirizing stuffiness, and upending excessive solemnity. In *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, the six—Terry Gilliam, Graham Chapman, John Cleese, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin—have taken on the entire King Arthur legendry and smashed it into gorgeous bits and skits.

The fun begins with the title credits. Why let that traditional display of egotism go unscathed? Not only are the credits without redeeming informational value; they are translated into what appears to be pidgin Swedish. They (the six) are unconcerned about our identifying who is who or who does what. I managed to identify Graham Chapman as King Arthur, who lopes along, horse-

Film Notes

Le Secret. An intriguing French thriller in which an escapee from an institution for the criminally insane is either a homicidal maniac or a journalist in possession of knowledge of such import and secrecy that his death is called for, along with the elimination of anyone he might contact. He is befriended by a writer and a sculptress living in a crumbly château in Carcassone. The pair is thus endangered whether he is insane or not. Robert Enrico's direction is clever and fairly convincing, and he is aided by exceptional performers, namely Jean-Louis Trintignant as the escapee, Philippe Noiret as the middle-aged writer with a desire for adventure, and Marlene Jobert as his young artist wife. We never do learn the exact nature of the secret, but that doesn't matter. What does matter is the growing atmosphere of fear and menace as the three make their way through the French countryside, pursued by the implacable forces of society. Enrico may have intended some metaphorical implication of a kind fashionable in contemporary "*film noir*," but it is the suspense element that predominates, and, for the genre, it is sustained very well.

The Invitation. Swiss films are showing considerable quality of late, and this study of a meek man who inherits his mother's holdings has poignance and humor that, at times, is quite cruel. Rémy, the middle-aged hero, buys a country estate with his new fortune and invites his office co-workers for a day-long party. The types who arrive represent a satirical cross section of middle-class Swiss society. There is the office cutup who regards himself as the answer to the romantic dreams of the young women in the office. There is the pompous manager, his stuffy elderly assistant, and his middle-aged secretary. One can hardly say that a good time is had by all, even though a butler hired for the occasion keeps everyone's glass filled constantly with champagne. There is one trouble with the film: as the party descends into boredom, the film tends to get somewhat somnolent, too. Michel Robin, as Rémy, has quiet charm. The butler, played by François Simon, steals the show, though, as he insists on elegance and grand manners in the midst of a group poorly equipped for such style.

Mandingo. This attempts to show us the brutalizing nature of slavery (as if

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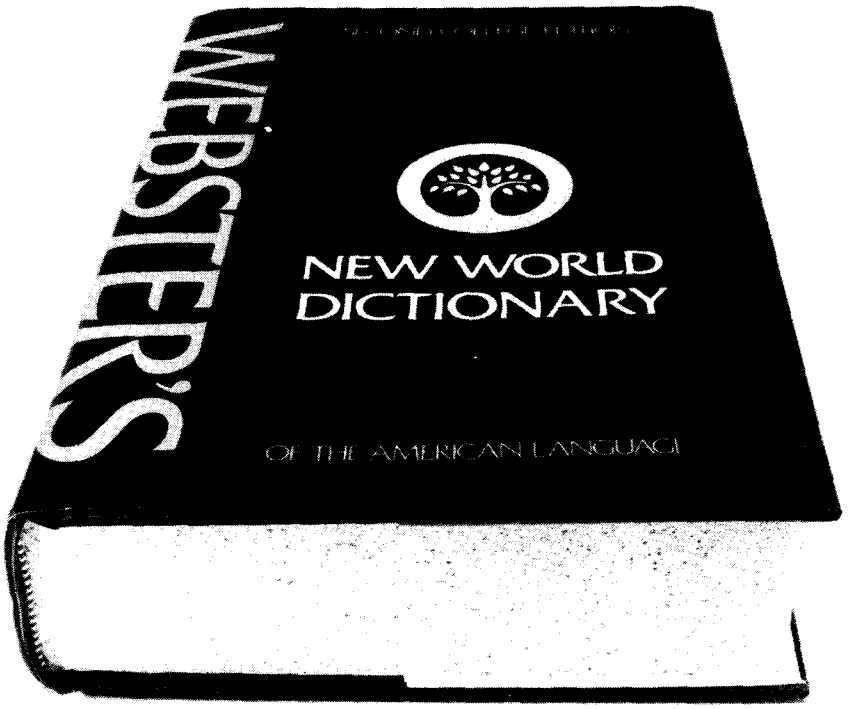
less, as he gathers adherents such as Sir Lancelot and Sir Galahad for his quest for the Holy Grail. He is accompanied by a servant holding two coconuts, which he bangs in lieu of the clop of horses' hooves. When King Arthur meets some evil fellow who wants to know how he managed to obtain coconuts in a clime in which they have not been known to flourish, a disquisition ensues about how they may have gotten to England—perhaps they were carried by swallows. Not English swallows, but African swallows, which, if two were to carry a coconut, would have the necessary wingspread and carrying power.

And so it goes—utter, beguiling nonsense. Sir Galahad makes a solitary effort to find the Holy Grail. He comes to a castle inhabited by 150 lissome lasses—all, as the head lass informs him, between the ages of 16 and 19½. Sir Galahad had seen a light shining from a window in the shape of a grail. One of the lasses had made a mistake, he is told; she had lit the grail-shaped beacon, something she had been expressly forbidden to do. Sir Galahad must punish her by doing to her whatever he wishes. And, when he is finished punishing, he may punish the head lass. Before the scene gets too bawdy, Sir Galahad is rescued by his cohorts.

Meanwhile, King Arthur's path is barred by a huge knight in armor, with what appears to be an ash can for a helmet. They engage in battle with broadswords. King Arthur slices off one of the knight's arms and asks him: will he desist? Fight on, cries the knight. Another arm is sliced off, then each of his legs.

(Continued on page 46.)

we didn't know it already) in the South of the 1840s and takes for its scene a plantation called Falconhurst, which is everything Tara was not. Slaves are bred there like cattle, sold and traded, degraded, whipped, and slept with by the white masters. Perhaps there was a film in the subject, if done with serious purpose, but *Mandingo* is dreadful caricature, concentrating on violence and lechery. The actors, all of whom have known better days, include James Mason, Perry King, Susan George, and Richard Ward. Oddly, the one who stands out is heavyweight contender Ken Norton, who somehow brings dignity to his role of a black trained to fight much in the manner of a fighting cock. Unfortunately, so much of the film is revolting in its execution and detail that no other kind words are possible in its behalf. H.A.



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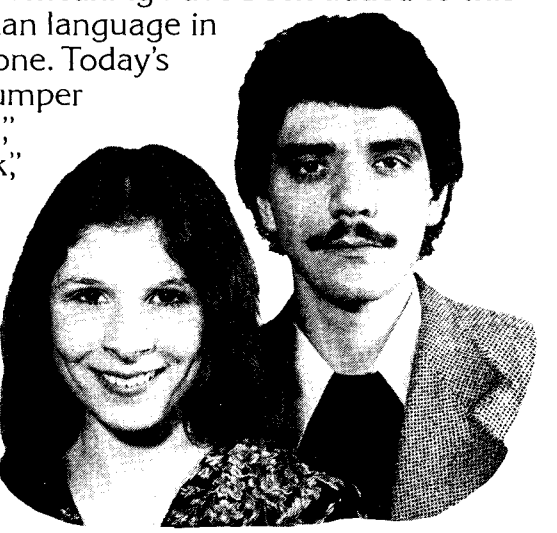

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(**FILM:** *Continued from page 45.*)
Still, he pleads for King Arthur to continue the fight. King Arthur spares the torso and lopes on, accompanied by coconut clops.

When a skit reaches the point of no further humor, the Python people sensibly just leave it there and continue their adventures, the transitions bridged by Terry Gilliam's decorative and inventive animations. Gilliam, for the benefit of chauvinists, is the one American member. All that is known about him is that he was born in Minneapolis in 1940, that he moved to California in 1951, and that he eventually turned up in London to work on a television series called "We Have Ways of Making You Laugh."

MOST OF THE OTHERS in the group are out of Oxford or Cambridge and are said to have extraordinarily high IQs, which they have obviously betrayed. Graham Chapman studied medicine, John Cleese trained in law, Terry Jones and Michael Palin participated in theatricals at Oxford and went on to television, as did the others. All began as writers, with the exception of Gilliam. They worked for the David Frost and Marty Feldman shows—Feldman was the marvelous Igor in *Young Frankenstein*—then decided to have their own show, which they sold to a dubious BBC in 1969.

Some of their early shows were shown on PBS stations last fall and proved to be a surprise hit, outdrawing the more vaunted "Masterpiece Theatre," also imported from England. A more contemporary series of 13 is in the midst of weekly showing on 50 stations; they will be rerun through the summer, after which another series will begin in the fall. If an introduction to Pythomania is required, then join them in their entirely fruitless, irreverent, ridiculous, madly insane search for the Holy Grail. □

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 34

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 59.*

VTNI O WTDFYTW O TMU ANNI XNMZIOIY TDV WD XORN, O TMU DIXJ ANNI XNMZIOIY TDV WD UON.
—XNDIMZUD UM ROIPO

Music to My Ears

by Irving Kolodin

Schwarzkopf in the Sunset Glow

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's farewell to her American public (a final appearance in Carnegie Hall, which filled that venerable auditorium with an audience rarely surpassed for size, attentiveness, or appreciation) was a model of what such events should be but all too seldom are. Now verging on 60, the eminent soprano radiated warmth, wisdom, and womanliness to an audience that responded intuitively as well as enthusiastically to the good humor, philosophic acceptance of the inevitable, and intense artistry with which she bade them farewell.

There was, in short, no moaning of the bar (publicly at least), no lamentation for what she can no longer do as well as she did 5, 10, or more years ago—merely a dissertation on what she can do now that she could never before have equaled. That is to make the re-creation of Schubert's *"Der Lindenbaum"* or Schumann's *"Der Nussbaum"* or Brahms's *"Vergebliches Ständchen"* not a matter of voice alone, but an audible evocation achieved by witchcraft over words, sorcery over sound. In all, it cunningly demonstrated how little "voice" is essential to great singing.

It was a reduction to the essence of what, after all, is called a *recital*: a reminder that if Schubert wrote "Who is Sylvia?" to be sung at a Schubertiad—which is to say, in the presence of two dozen people around a piano in a salon—a singer with Schwarzkopf's intelligence, insight, and communicative power could, by attitude, facial play, and verbal articulation make of a recital an experience that converted Carnegie Hall into the world's largest living room.

Any purist could cite the shrunken size of the Schwarzkopf sound, the contracted range of her dynamics, the wiles and sleights of throat by which she made guile do the work of vocal vibrance. But it should also be mentioned that she rarely made a coarse sound, sang off pitch, or violated the composer's rhythmic design. By the measure of such earlier specialists as Elena Gerhardt or Frieda Hempel, who sang in New York at comparable periods of their careers, this was no caricature of greatness, but a conversion of it into art by other means and methods than the purely vocal. Perhaps twice, in the total of 21 songs on the printed program, she misgauged the power of alchemy to achieve what the flesh could

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf—The "living link" between opera singer and recitalist.

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not: in Mahler's "*Des Antonius zu Padua Fischpredigt*," which was messy and distorted, and in Hugo Wolf's "*Kennst du das Land*," of which she can now realize only the shadow, not the substance.

One conspicuous reason why such a singularly sophisticated form of vocal virtuosity could enrapture an audience of more than 3,000 was the six-foot frame of her pianistic partner, Geoffrey Parsons. He looks like an ex-member of the Queen's Household Guard and plays the piano more sensitively than any accompanist has since Gerald Moore's lamented retirement. Even more precious than a tall tenor is a collaborator a soprano can look up to, and Parsons fits the bill both physically and musically. He more than mirrored Schwarzkopf's intent; he framed, enlarged, and underscored every small detail of her vocal images, adroitly captured in mid-air the nuances that, in a pure theatrical sense, she threw away. For years esteemed as one of Britain's best in a far from cluttered field, Parsons in his recent association with Schwarzkopf has honed, refined, and polished his perceptions to the point where he stands alone. He made it possible, by his subtly shaded postlude in Strauss's "*Morgen!*" for Schwarzkopf to hold the audience spellbound, in the hollow of her voice.

TOGETHER THE TWO ARTISTS enabled the last impression of Schwarzkopf in her career's sunset glow to embody not merely a retrospect of the specialties (including a particularly lovable performance of Grieg's "With a Water Lily") with which she has long been associated, but also a spicy seasoning of rarities. One was a magnificent example of Franz Liszt's abilities as a song composer entitled "*Die Drei Zigeuner*." In less time than is required to perform one half of one of his 12 Rhapsodies, Liszt has here captured a microcosm of gypsy philosophy: to take life as it comes and, when it darkens, to "sleep it, smoke it, fiddle it away." The other was a trio of settings by Richard Strauss (1918) of Ophelia's songs from *Hamlet*. The language, of course, is German, evoking a cross-fertilization of the content from seeds sown not only by Shakespeare but also by Freud.

In both the Lisztian and Straussian "novelties," Schwarzkopf left not only a memory of musical values concentrated, compacted, almost devocalized, but also the drama of her own superb career in microcosm. It is one of the durable clichés of criticism that opera singers, even great ones, do not make satisfactory recitalists. A few, particularly those of the German school, have—most memorably, for those of recent generations, Lotte Lehmann (now living in Santa Barbara, Calif.). Schwarzkopf is the living link in that chain; she has concentrated and channeled the energies that made her a historic embodiment of operatic roles by Mozart, Strauss, and Wagner into the reduced, restricted, but no less rigorously demanding requirements of the *lieder* singer. Hers is the standard by which the next brave aspirant to highest distinction will be judged.

THE LAST PROMINENT new singer of the Metropolitan Opera season was Katia Ricciarelli, who made her debut as Mimi in Puccini's *La Bohème*. Were she to last as long as Schwarzkopf, she could outlast not only this commentator but one or two successors. But if Miss Ricciarelli's career course is no longer than her present path projects, she may find hail and farewell inscribed by the same (reluctant) hand.

A product of an Italian conditioning that could be summarized as "Have voice, will travel," Miss Ricciarelli is being earnestly promoted by entrepreneurs well versed in the public appetite for new faces. That voice took her to prize-winning successes in a series of Italian competitions by the time she was 25; on travels to Munich, for a Verdi *Requiem* at the opening of the Olympic games in 1970; to Chicago for a revival of Verdi's *I Due Foscari* by the Lyric Opera in 1972; more recently to Carnegie Hall for a joint debut recital with José Carreras, the young tenor who shared the Met stage with her as Rodolfo.

Unquestionably Ricciarelli has a voice —for the present. How long she maintains it in salable condition is much in question. Followers of opera are accustomed to finding talented stage performers ill at ease in a venture into a concert hall (see comment above), and Ricciarelli is no exception. But it is less customary to find a singer of such background awkward and lacking in finesse in what should be her native habitat, the action of Mimi. Carreras also has a voice, which may be dissipated before it is fully mature. He made an engagingly unpretentious Rodolfo to Ricciarelli's unmannered, naturalistic Mimi, but this appeared to be less a matter of intent than of inability to do anything more. □

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(Continued from page 11.)
and called for a rollback in domestic wellhead rates, a mandatory national gas-allocation system to cut consumption without rationing, and tougher standards and new tax incentives to enforce energy efficiency. Their bill includes measures limiting the amount of higher energy costs that can be passed on to consumers by utilities and other authorities and a repeal of tax loopholes that provide utilities and oil corporations with funds for energy research. Moffett, who is on the energy subcommittee of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, wants to go further: "Something like half of this nation's fossil resources are on onshore and offshore federal land. I believe the public doesn't want the oil companies exploiting them, but wants a public development of those resources rather than offshore drilling leases." He supports the proposal made by Sen. Adlai Stevenson of Illinois to set up a federal oil and gas corporation, and he wants an inventory of the resources done independently, not by the oil companies.

Activists like Moffett want public control of electric power and a single across-the-board medical insurance plan to replace Medicare, Medicaid, and patchwork White House proposals concentrating on catastrophic illness alone. Says Moffett: "I think eventually we will have most doctors getting most of their income from the government. Medical and insurance lobbies—and sheer cost—are the major hurdles here."

THE FRESHMAN REVOLT had its role, and many of the freshmen will continue to be a useful ferment. They make up 25 percent of the whole caucus. But this statistic serves as a reminder that veteran congressmen make up the other 75 percent of that caucus and inevitably exercise more than 75 percent of the power within it. The average age of our congressmen is now younger than ever—about 50—another way of saying that little real power is exercised by congressmen under 50. The freshmen can light fires in closets, but they cannot set Capitol Hill on fire on their own.

One congressman who has come to a powerful post by seniority and adapted to the House's new insistence on fair and dynamic chairmanship is Al Ullman of Oregon, 61, who inherited Wilbur Mills's old slot at the head of Ways and Means. Despite challenges from freshmen and other liberals over the oil-depletion allowance and the Democratic energy program, Ullman exercises considerably more power than does any platoon of newcomers, and he is a good example of the principle that real power can be acquired only through tenure. Power politics is for the long-distance runner.

If we look to the future, on the credit side the House is now as liberal as the Senate both in composition and in procedure, thanks to the accession of King Caucus to the throne that was formerly occupied by a band of dictatorial committee chairmen. Displaying more drive and energy, the Congress has a (so far, unimpressive) White House on the run. The landslide November 1974 election reflected a demand for more responsiveness and less secrecy in government—including the legislature.

ON THE OTHER HAND, public pressure could be self-defeating in an era when there is less and less money available for fulfilling the social programs that Americans have learned to expect. By warring with Secretary of State Henry Kissinger over his détente and Mideast peace programs, Congress may have made it harder to take money from the Pentagon budget and put it where the people want it—to combat unemployment, for example. Because of the sheer size of the Democratic majority (which encourages factionalism), the inevitable bloodletting struggle ahead for the Presidential nomination, and the continuing dearth of leadership in both House and Senate, it will be even harder to produce and perform.

The greater democratization of the congressional process makes it more difficult for leadership to emerge. If Congress fails to meet its mandate to "bring the country through" by election time next year, an unelected, incumbent President Ford, however inconclusive his own performance, will—if he runs again—be able to score perhaps decisive points for himself and his Party at the polls. Given the fact that Congress is a deliberative body, 18 months is not much time for them to achieve a great deal, even with the new, more streamlined legislative machinery. □

Bicentennial Photo Contest Focuses on America

Saturday Review announces its twenty-first Annual Travel Photo Contest

In celebration of America's Bicentennial, *Saturday Review* in its 1976 Travel Photo Contest will focus attention on America—its states, commonwealth, possessions, and trust territories. All photo entries *must* be taken within American territory as defined above.

U.S. citizens, citizens of other countries, foreign visitors, and visiting students are all eligible to compete.

Prizes will feature American destinations, carriers, and vacation areas. See later issues for prizes and complete details. Winning photos will be featured in the January 1976 issue of *Saturday Review*—its first issue in the Bicentennial year.

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Loss of Tenure: Return of a Nightmare

Every professor's secret dread—arbitrary denial of hard-won tenure—is once again a bitter issue on American campuses.

by Fred M. Hechinger

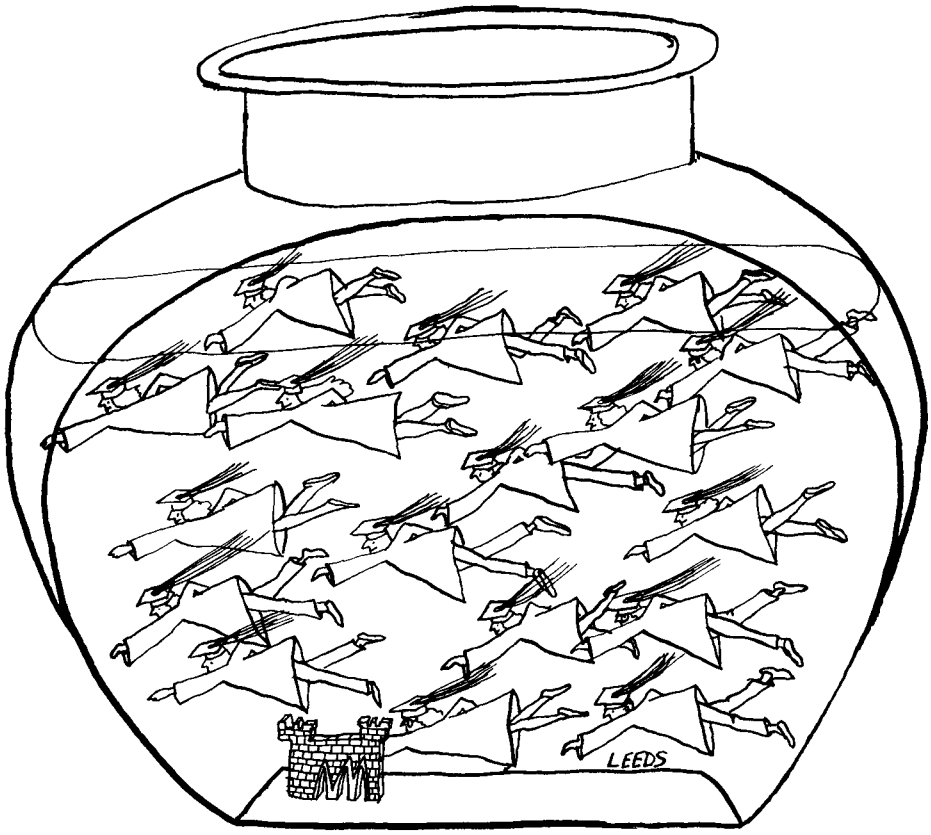
Last year a small college in Bloomfield, N. J., was briefly catapulted to national prominence when its administration fired 11 of its tenured faculty members and tried to abolish tenure for the rest of the teaching staff. The action sent shock waves through academia. If Bloomfield College, pleading economic necessity, could get rid of tenured professors and of tenure itself, the precedent could lead to the slaughter of that sacred cow of the American campus everywhere.

The immediate crisis was averted when Judge Melvin Antell of the State Superior Court in Newark ordered the teachers reinstated and tenure continued. The administration, the ruling said, not only had unilaterally abrogated a contractual agreement with the faculty and with the local chapter of the American Association of University Professors (AAUP) but also had failed to show that the cutback was necessitated by a "demonstrably bona fide" financial emergency. The administration has appealed the case, and the college is currently operating quite successfully under the reorganization, that is, bankruptcy law.

The outcome to date, while a personal victory for the Bloomfield professors, was a more limited triumph for tenure in a time of recession. Although the judge made it clear that tenure could not be lightly brushed aside, he also suggested that the economic wolf at the college gates *could* be sufficient cause for firing even tenured professors. In fact, tenured faculty members have, in the past year, been given their notices in a substantial number of colleges where enrollments and income have sagged. Clearly, academic tenure is no less vulnerable as a shield against dismal economic realities than union seniority is when automobile factories are shut down by declining sales. This fact has been driven home by another recent court ruling. Last June a federal judge in Madison, Wis., held that the Constitution provides only limited protection for tenured faculty members who are laid off because of their institution's fiscal difficulties.

It is against this grim fiscal background that the debate over tenure has become anything but an academic question.

TENURE IS THE PROCESS by which junior faculty members win what had, until recently, been considered permanent appointments—provided that they first prove themselves during a specified number of probationary years (usually between five and seven) and can clear the final hurdle of the tenure committee. In the best institutions the rule has traditionally been described as "up or out"—the faculty member must attain tenure within the allotted period or go out looking for another chance elsewhere. The ultimate decision had long been considered one of the utmost gravity, not only with respect to the individual professor's career but to the quality of the institution as well, since the campus would henceforth have to live with the appointee for better or for worse until voluntary departure, death, or retirement. When James B. Conant was president of Harvard, he fought doggedly for the adoption of a rule that requires professors, not only from other departments but even from other universities, to sit on tenure-granting committees, and Mr. Conant himself took pains to exercise his *ex of-*



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ficio right to be present on such occasions.

The history of tenure, though not overly long in its present form, has been studded with enough controversy—political as well as the bread-and-butter variety—that it has taken on more than nostalgic meaning.

Columbia's president Nicholas Murray Butler, proclaiming himself protector of the nation's security in the face of World War I, issued an ultimatum during the 1917 commencement exercises: "This is the university's last and only warning to any among us, if such there be, who are not with whole heart and mind and strength committed to fight with us to make the world safe for democracy." Butler left no doubt that he meant to use his power. Among those who were to be driven out was so distinguished—and basically conservative—a scholar as historian Charles Beard. On less venerable campuses, victims of political purges were sent out into the cold with less benefit of publicity.

During the Great Depression, when there were few jobs to be found, many university administrations used their sudden economic power to purge the campuses of teachers with unorthodox views, either by keeping them from permanent appointments or by kicking them out altogether.

Two decades later, after a number of leading campuses had been caught in questionable refusals to reappoint faculty members with leftist views, the AAUP (hitherto a rather mild and unassuming professional organization) spelled out what was to become a historic stand on tenure. Far from radical, the statement nevertheless made it clear that higher education cannot discharge its duties toward students and society without a modicum of freedom in teaching.

Support for tenure, in addition, came from the pragmatic acknowledgment that since the teaching profession still lagged behind other prestigious occupations in pay and fringe benefits, the status and security that came with tenure would be essential to efforts at attracting and holding first-rate teachers.

For nearly three decades after tenure was codified, it was widely accepted; only the fringe of the anti-intellectual right wing, which considered tenure a mixture of extreme unionism and a *carte blanche* for malingerers and pinkos, opposed the practice. Liberal support for tenure was further strengthened when, soon after the AAUP's protective action, McCarthyism provided a grim object lesson on tenure's relevance. Not all institutions stood their ground, even when the contractual force of tenure should have stiffened their spines; but tenure undeniably helped to turn back some of the worst witch-hunting attacks.

From the late Fifties until the end of the Sixties, higher education's managers payed tenure little heed—except as essential candy in the bag of tricks with which they lured that scarcest of all commodities, the college professor, to their campuses to cope with the tidal wave of students. Candidates were promised a life of little teaching, good money, and iron-clad security, that is, tenure. Ironically, tenure in those days was not much of a selling point, except for the added prestige on faculty committees; finding a job was, for all but the glaringly unqualified, not much of a problem.

"That the right wing in and out of academia should continue to look on tenure with a jaundiced eye is hardly surprising. . . . Far more noteworthy is a new anti-tenure movement led by liberal and Left opinion."

Like the faculty manpower picture, which has changed so suddenly from scarcity to glut, the view of tenure has, with equal rapidity, come in for an agonizing reappraisal. That the right wing in and out of academia should continue to look on tenure with a jaundiced eye is hardly surprising. Tenure does, after all, promise (if, as recent events and the Bloomfield ruling suggest, it no longer necessarily delivers) a degree of job assurance not granted, in the words of labor expert A. H. Raskin, to "clergymen, bank presidents, or truck drivers." Conservatives—and many of them are still sitting on university boards—have never liked the kind of employee independence that flows from such security.

Far more noteworthy is a new anti-tenure movement led by liberal and Left opinion, frequently generated by the very people who in the past stood much to gain from tenure's protective shield. Why the change? The answer, somewhat oversimplified, is that tenure has come to appear as an instrument of power wielded by insiders—the academic Establishment. Under such circumstances, it tends to be viewed as the mantle of academic conservatism. This is particularly so at a time when (1) the prospect of no-growth and little hiring makes the tenured faculty an obstacle to the promotion of newcomers, and (2) many newcomers pounding at the gates come from the previously discriminated-against sector, primarily non-white minorities and women.

At this point, statistics deserve attention. Between 1972 and 1975, the percentage of full-time faculty holding tenure has increased. In the institutions surveyed, two-thirds of the full-time faculty were on tenure in 1975, compared with only 43 percent in 1972. Moreover, in the two-year community colleges, the most rapidly growing academic sector, 70 percent or more of the faculty were tenured.

Some smaller institutions of high quality are beginning to express concern that declining enrollment and a teaching staff largely hired during the great expansion of the Sixties—most of the instructors being in their 20s and 30s—will make their faculty virtually unchangeable for decades to come. The president of one such college predicts that in his institution the trend will virtually shut the doors to new hiring until the year 2000. Nationally, if present tenure rules hold, 85 percent of all full-time professors are projected to be tenured by 1985.

SUCH PROJECTIONS may be extreme. Even among youthful tenured faculties, attrition can be counted on to open some places to newcomers, though on a greatly reduced scale. When some administrations, notably the giant City University of New York, in search of an antidote to an over-tenured future, recently tried to limit the granting of tenure to 50 percent

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of the full-time faculty, the unions reacted angrily against what they termed the introduction of "tenure quotas." The proposal was withdrawn.

The issue has become so acute that, according to the American Council on Education, two in every five institutions of higher learning are currently reviewing tenure. So far, according to the council, "there are no major shifts." At present, 85 percent of all colleges and 93 percent of the private four-year institutions grant tenure. But the debate is daily becoming more heated.

What are the main objections to tenure, in addition to the possibility, already cited, that it may force institutions into a static staffing box during the anticipated decades of little or no growth? The classic anti-tenure argument is still that lifetime security leads to stagnation, an accumulation of dead wood, and declining efforts by even able teachers who have grown too secure. Many administrators complain that while in theory truly incompetent or negligent professors can be fired with due process even if they are tenured, the process is simply too troublesome, time-consuming, and disruptive to be put into practice.

Other critics of tenure charge its defenders with the hypocrisy of beating the dead horse of academic freedom, which should be protected under the First Amendment and in the courts, in order to hide the fact that the real issue is job security in a time of economic recession. Dr. Harold C. Martin, who retired last year from the presidency of Union College in Schenectady, where tenure had been replaced with a system of renewable contracts, said: "I cannot for the life of me see how, especially in these times, an institution can hope to be good and remain good unless it protects itself against dominance by a heavily tenured and aging faculty body. If we can learn anything from other institutions, the condition of civil service and the church should have taught us that."

Moreover, growing opposition to tenure has been expressed by the large army of the untenured for whom the attainment of tenure is only a cloudy vision, perhaps a mirage. They—and increasingly the teachers' unions that vie with the American Association of University Professors for their allegiance—belittle the importance of tenure, insisting instead that most of its benefits, and particularly that of academic freedom, should be guaranteed to all faculty members, tenured or not.

"If tenure is to survive, greater attention must be paid to its qualitative use: those who grant it must take more seriously the candidate's long-range durability."

"Why can we not be honest in our defense of academic tenure?" asks Robert Nisbet, one of its most eloquent critics. "There is one, and only one, honest justification of tenure: it is there! It has been there a long time. Tenure, not freedom, is academic man's most cherished idol. . . . At very best, the ancient rule of conservatism applies: if it is not necessary to change, it is not necessary to change."

Against such forceful opposition, what can tenure's defenders say? William Van Alstyne, the president of the AAUP and a professor of law at Duke University, rejects the argument that the constitutional protection is enough to safeguard academic freedom. In the first place, he says, it applies only to the public institutions. And even at state universities, he adds, the courts are not so good a shield as tenure because the burden and the costs of litigation are on the professor. Others point out that it is foolish to separate the issue of academic freedom and job security. Tenure must protect both, they insist, because without job security the claim that freedom is otherwise protected turns into a sham.

Yale president Kingman Brewster, Jr., adds another dimension to the argument. in the *Wall Street Journal* he observed:

> The rationale of academic tenure is somewhat different from job security in the industrial world, especially in an institution which wants its teachers to be engaged in pushing forward the frontiers of learning. This lies in the fact that contributions to human knowledge and understanding which add something significant to what has gone before involve a very high risk and a very long-term intellectual investment. . . . It cannot be held to a timetable which demands proof of pay-out to satisfy some review committee. . . ."

Though Mr. Brewster does not dismiss the danger of recurrent threats to academic freedom from outside the campuses, he views as an even greater threat the "intellectual conformity coerced *within* the institution"—from department chairmen, deans, presidents, and even the teachers' peers and their students. This, "not the aberrational external interference," seems to Brewster the threat to the freedom that tenure seeks to mitigate.

Besides, there is the caveat that if tenure goes, it will inevitably be replaced by something else—in most instances union contracts and union rules of job security. If unions oppose the old system, it is not because it was too rigid but because it is not rigid enough. "I see more unionism and the end of traditional academic tenure because its protection has been fraudulent," says Israel Kugler, longtime leader of the United Federation of College Teachers, the AFL-CIO affiliate.

The argument that unions protect everyone, not just the tenured, is powerful, particularly in hard times. But to many who consider the academic community different from organizations dependent on industrial unionism, the labor approach to job security on the campuses is less compatible with academic quality than is tenure. As the public-school experience suggests, unions tend to provide job security after a much shorter probationary period and with far less thorough and independent scrutiny of a candidate's quality.

Yet, if tenure is to survive—and if the AAUP is to maintain sufficient authority as its protector—it is evident that greater attention must be paid to its qualitative use: those who grant tenure must take more seriously the candidate's long-range durability. At the same time, it is now more essential than ever before to give teeth to the provisions for the removal of those who abuse tenure through sloth or neglect, but without relaxing the safeguards against political firings, whether the politics are those of internal academic cabals or external meddlers.

Finally, the privilege of tenure saddles those who reap its benefits with a heavy obligation: to see to it that those outside the charmed circle also enjoy the full range of academic protection and institutional fairness and to ensure that there is no discrimination in hiring. If, instead, those who have gained tenure abuse their security and turn their privileged position into a command post of academic autocracy and intrigue, they will go the way of all Bourbons, dragging tenure with them into oblivion. While such a course might be applauded by an odd coalition of the Right and the Left, that very fact raises the question whether it might not be better to reform tenure than to bury it. □

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The Educator's Bookshelf

Children's Ways of Knowing: Nathan Isaacs on Education, Psychology, and Piaget, edited, with an introduction, by Mildred Hardeman (Teachers College Press, 186 pp., $9), presents some extraordinary essays on child learning. As Dr. Hardeman points out in her exemplary introduction, this tidy selection reveals Isaacs's insights into the nature of the child and the psychology of cognition. A splendid example is "Children's 'Why' Questions," in which Isaacs sees the eternal "why" as genuine puzzlement over the disparity between "past experience and . . . present events." Other essays, which were published between 1957 and 1965, deal with the nursery-infant teacher, children's scientific abilities, the significance of Piaget's findings, and the Isaacs Memorandum to the Plowden Committee. The latter stands as a cogent argument that the child learns "above all by his own *actions*." Frank Jennings, secretary of Teachers College, Columbia University, Mildred Hardeman, and Teachers College Press deserve commendation for locating, introducing, and producing these exhilarating pieces. In writing them, the late Nathan Isaacs placed us much in his debt.

The Case Against College by Carolyn Bird, edited by Helene Mandelbaum (David McKay, 320 pp., $9.95), challenges the common assumption that when you finish high school, you go to college. The author interprets the prevailing mood on campus as the sadness of young people who "somewhere between the nursery and the employment office . . . became *unwanted adults*." College, Ms. Bird explains, is good for some but a pretty dumb investment for others. But this is no mere outburst. Excellent chapters on the job market, liberal arts, and diplomas lead on to alternatives stated not as general ideas but as particular endeavors, such as vocational training, work- and travel-study programs, on-the-job learning, apprenticeships, the arts and crafts, and private business, each possibility generously documented with published sources and promising contacts. Every high schooler ought to peruse this sensible study.

Children Are the Revolution: Day Care in Cuba by Marvin Leiner (Viking, 213 pp., $10) evolved out of "mountains of notes" left over from a larger work. The result is a quality book packed with information about the goals, personnel, schools, health care, and family/community relations of childhood education in Cuba since the revolution. Designed to prepare children for a collectively conscious society, the *círculos infantiles* and *jardines infantiles* of Leiner's interpretation strive not just for physical development and socialization but for directed learning, too. Though unimpressed with what he considers premature reading instruction, the author recognizes a remarkable national belief in the importance of a free child-care system to the Cuban revolution. His sensitivity toward adults who love children and his fine scholarship make this volume worthy of serious attention.

The Balancing Act, comprising *Quota Hiring in Higher Education* by George C. Roche III and *Black Studies Revisited* by Ernest van den Haag and Alan Reynolds (Open Court, 251 pp., $8.95), weighs two essential issues in a single forthright volume. Guaranteed to cause a stir, *Quota Hiring* alleges that Affirmative Action, a federal program designed to prevent unfair staffing practices, actually provokes "racial and sexual discrimination in hiring, admission, and other areas." No less blunt, *Black Studies* castigates those who, through "feelings of obligation and guilt," devised overnight *ad hoc* programs as "palliatives or placebos" for student behavior problems. Unpopular views? Perhaps. Yet there is no doubting the authors' genuine belief in academic freedom and intellectual standards and their concern over precipitate egalitarianism and historiographic distortions. As a hugely controversial exercise in expository tightrope walking, *The Balancing Act* is surely well named.

Career Education: A Proposal for Reform by Sidney P. Marland, Jr. (McGraw-Hill, 334 pp., $9.95), reminds us of Alfred North Whitehead's dictum that "education should turn out a learner with something he knows well and something he can do well." The book likewise contends that annually millions of young men and women leave our high schools unfitted for work and disenchanted with education. In subsequent chapters Dr. Marland plumbs the depth of distress through unemployment; assesses career education in Georgia, California, Oregon, and Texas; and explicates the process of forging links between schools and the world of work. The outcome is a really satisfying exploration of a vital subject by a man whose knowledge and ability to convey it fully illustrates what Whitehead thought education ought to achieve.

Scaling the Ivy Wall: Getting Into Selective Colleges by Howard Greene and Robert Minton (Abelard-Schuman, 304 pp., $7.95) maintains that for prospective college students, "getting there is not half the fun being there is." The book then concentrates on getting there. Written by an ex-Princeton admissions officer and a former university public-relations director, this convenient volume yields answers to just about every question a student, a parent, or a counselor might want to ask about the subject, such as what exams to write, in what sequence, how to find financial aid, how applications are processed, what to expect from alumni, how to write aptitude tests, and how to conduct oneself at an interview. On this last point, the word is "be yourself." Following their own advice, authors Greene and Minton have drawn from their wide experience and written a book that is practical without being pushy.

JOHN CALAM

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Who Runs the Schools?

by James Cass

The belief that local citizens should control their public schools has been an article of faith for Americans since colonial days. Education, like national defense, has always been considered too important to be left to the professionals. To be sure, local school boards have been criticized often enough over the years, but in a large and diverse country, the alternative of a nationwide school system administered in the nation's capital—a pattern followed by most other countries in the world—has never proved attractive. Americans have always believed that management of the schools should remain in the local communities—so that education will directly reflect the desires and aspirations of local parents.

Despite their faith in local control, however, Americans have often displayed only sporadic interest in their schools—the proportion of eligible voters who turn out for annual school elections is notoriously low—and many polls have documented the public's imperfect knowledge of school curricula and methods of teaching. Now a new Gallup poll, sponsored by the National School Boards Association, reports for the first time on how much the public knows about school governance—how the schools are managed and administered, where responsibility lies for policy decisions, and how much authority the nation's 16,738 school boards and 96,559 school-board members (95 percent of whom are elected) actually have. The survey, which was reported last month in *The American School Board*, has predictably found that many Americans are lamentably uninformed, or misinformed, about who runs the schools—for which they, the people, have ultimate responsibility. (The complete report of the Gallup survey, "The People Look at Their Schools," is available from the NSBA, 800 State National Bank Plaza, Evanston, Ill. 60201.) The following brief sampling of responses to the survey indicates the state of public knowledge:

• Only about one-third of the adult public know that school boards establish overall school policy but do not administer schools on a day-to-day basis. Only half of the public know that there is a difference between the "school board" and the "school administration," and about 25 percent believe that the terms are synonymous.

• Although more than half of the public believe that the school board is one of several agencies responsible for "running the public school system," only 38 percent are aware that members of school boards are representatives of the people.

• Only 42 percent of the public believe that when disputes arise, the school board acts in the best interests of the students rather than in the interests of teacher unions, administrators, local pressure groups, and the like.

The public's ignorance of the institutions that serve them is not new, but the public schools have traditionally been closer than most agencies to the heart of community life. An interesting demographic note in the *American School Board* report suggests some of the reasons for the change: "Midwesterners are more likely than easterners, southerners, and westerners to characterize school-board members as parents, as average people, and as people who are concerned that children get a good education and who donate their time and effort to serve the community. In contrast, easterners are more likely than the others to describe school-board members as politicians and as people trying to get ahead in politics." The note also suggests that the smaller the community, the more likely the public is to believe that school-board members are primarily concerned with the welfare of children, while residents of large urban centers are more likely to see board members as individuals seeking prestige and power.

Numerous reasons explain the progressive alienation of the public from its schools. The rapid increase in the size of schools and school districts since the late Forties is a major factor. The growing professionalization of teaching and administration during the same period has resulted in schools that offer a wider range of services, but the same trend has also made them less receptive to the interest and cooperation of individual citizens. And the changing nature of American life—the prevalence of the commuting father and the growing number of working mothers—has made the family more willing to leave the education of children to the professionals, thus widening the gulf between the public and its schools.

A number of recent studies have recommended that the time has come for moving education out into the community and opening the doors of the classroom much wider to members of the community. Students for whom such a venture is appropriate would spend part of their time working in business and industry or in governmental and public-service agencies. Their work would be selected to correlate with their classroom studies and would be designed to give added depth and understanding to their academic efforts—whether they are college-bound or preparing for immediate entry into the working world. At the same time, the wealth of adult knowledge and skills found in every community would be brought into the classrooms more often to serve both the regular school population and interested adults.

The concept of a two-way exchange between school and community is attractive in theory, but it will doubtless be difficult to work out in practice. Nevertheless, this is one way to start closing the growing distance between the public and its schools. □

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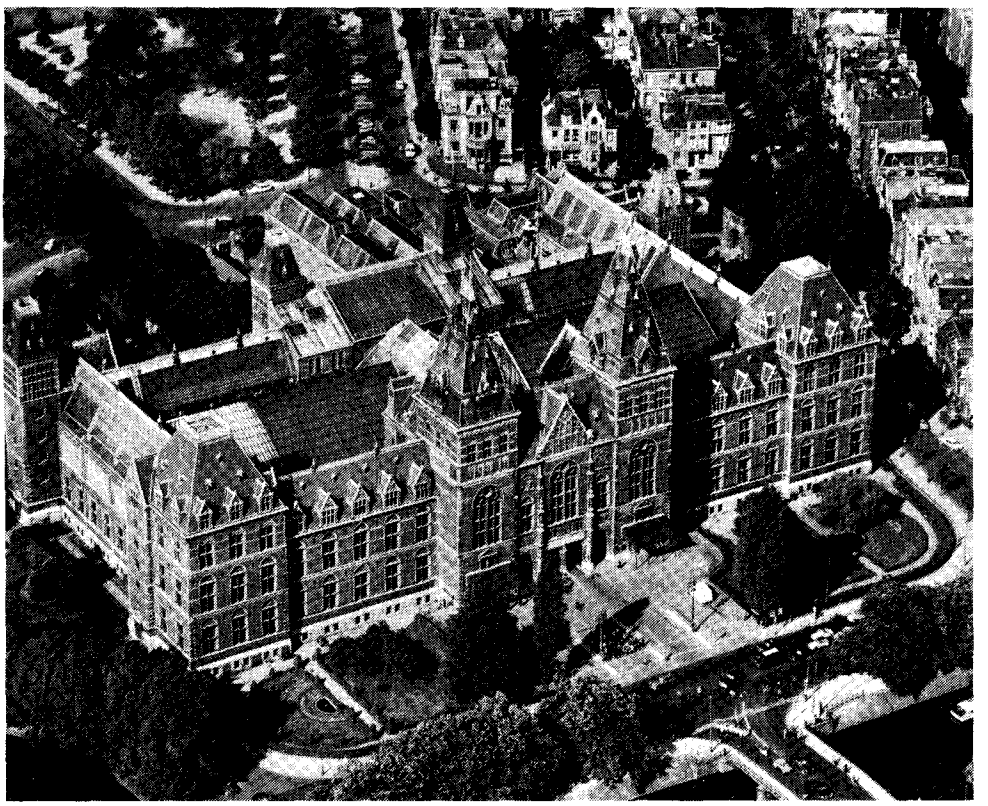
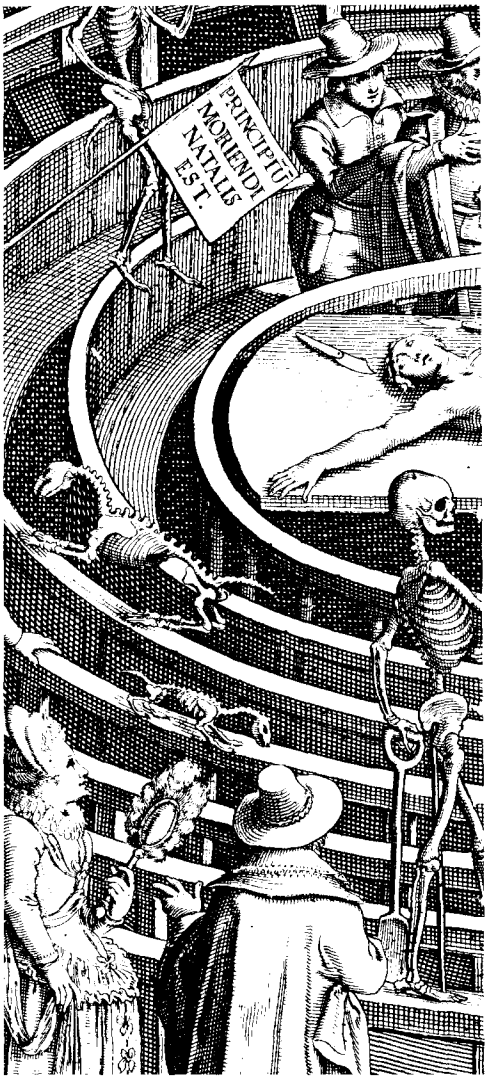
Sauce Hollandaise



Spring in Amsterdam—Diamonds, doorknob breakfasts, and a "Dutch luau."



Anatomical Theater (1610) at Leiden's Medic

by Horace Sutton

Much is going to be made this summer of the seven hundredth anniversary of Amsterdam, as well as the four hundredth anniversary of the founding of the University of Leiden, 25 minutes away by rail. The Amsterdammers, who have been wily traders—that is to say, salesmen—from the fifteenth century, have figured out 700 reasons why everybody ought to be present at the celebration this year. I suspect one of the reasons might be that almost every visitor will be passing through Schiphol, that below-sea-level airport which, it would appear, is only incidentally occupied in airplane traffic. Its corridors are lined with an amazing assortment of goods of the sort the Dutch have been dealing in ever since Amsterdam emerged as one of the most important trading centers of Europe. It gained eminence first as a prime port for the towns of the Rhineland, and later as the commercial center for Dutch trading ships that roamed the distant seas.

Schiphol, one might say, is Amsterdam's wharfside. On my way in from America with KLM, and some days later, on my way out toward the Mediterranean with Air France, I found myself in a vast and modern emporium that was doing a breakneck business in perfumes and spirits, and a somewhat more leisurely trade in cameras and photo accoutrements, sweaters and designer scarves, tennis racquets (on sale) along with other assorted sporting goods. A fancy-foods stall proffered not merely the anticipated Dutch cheeses, but sides of smoked salmon and those headless, skinless herrings, sealed in plastic for convenient, if odoriferous, transport, which the Dutch like to hold by the tail and devour in one or two chomps.

All sorts of flimflammery have been concocted for the anniversary, including a Magic Box Information Service. The visitor buys a magic box for 3.50 guilders ($1.40) and receives 12 cards that will impart information about the city, suggested walking tours and events. The "magic" derives from a modest lagniappe that the purchaser will find in each box, a free drink somewhere, a museum ticket—anything short of a free Amsterdam-cut diamond.

Anyone with serious intentions of being present at the birthday will do well to consult the schedule of events (the Netherlands National Tourist Office is located at 576 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036), which will include cultural events in the parks (students will have to sleep elsewhere this summer), art exhibitions, organ competitions in the city's churches, a Spinoza exhibition in the Round Lutheran Church. Although they won't appear on any advance schedule, the Amsterdam Philharmonic and drum bands of lesser renown will give surprise concerts in the city's streets and squares.

The Hollanders, who are somewhat more bullish than I about the prospects for this summer's tourist season, are also pleased that two major hotels, the Mar-

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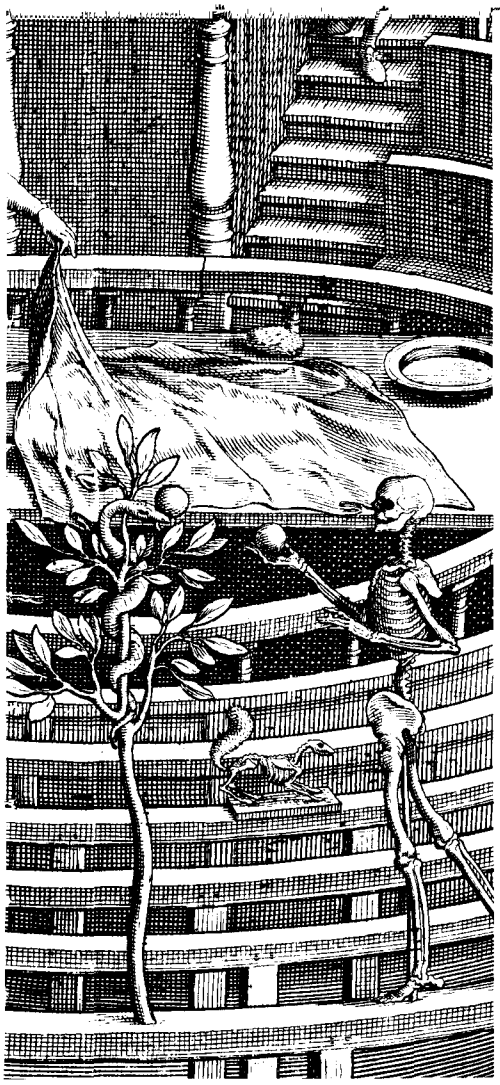

School—For a defiant stand, a seat of learning.

riott and the Sonesta, both American-operated, have opened in time for the festival year. The new hotels have joined an imposing variety of Amsterdam lodgings, among them the Hilton, in a sylvan setting away from the town's center; the venerable Amstel; the trig little Pulitzer, originally known as the Howard Johnson; the high-rise Okura, a Japanese entry; the Esso Motor Hotel, a Rockefeller entry; that venerable canalside pleasure, the de l'Europe; and the small and trim Memphis which, much to my personal consternation, has now been decorated with a sign proclaiming its affiliation with Ramada Inns.

Of the two new hotels, the Marriott occupies the side of an old church, a step away from the Leidseplein. The exterior, modest enough in height, fits neatly into the wizened architectural relics that surround it. The interior is pure Marriott, which is to say, strong, solid, no-nonsense furniture and comfortable amenities. Its Windjammer Lounge is a familiar trademark, and so is the salad bar which, as it turns out, is a novelty to the Dutch. Huge loaves of bread are set out along with the greenery, and the local customers have taken to sawing off a few slices, covering them with a green carpet of lettuce, sprinkling the top with cherry tomatoes, onions, radishes, and chopped egg, then covering the masterpiece with a ladleful of Thousand Island, Blue Cheese, or French dressing. Only a Dutchman, a Dane, or a German would have designs on a main course after that.

The Sonesta is a different sort of dish, located in the narrow streets of the old city, near the Central Station. The architect has chosen to carry the brick theme of the façade through the lobby and along the corridors that lead to the hotel shops. Some of the rooms have brick walls, and the public salons include The Rib Room, a Sonesta trademark that may please the Amsterdammers as much as Marriott's salad bar. An old church across the street has been gutted and is being turned into a convention hall reachable by tunnel from the hotel. The transformation from church to convention center ought to provide an immediate thesis for any sociologist with a passing interest in man's destiny.

For reasons that escape me, the London *Financial Times*—or so say the flacks for the tourist office—has proclaimed Amsterdam the least expensive tourist city in Europe. Either they're daft on that journal of repute, or the researchers have been sleeping in student dormitories and living on herring and *broodjes,* the sandwich-in-a-roll that is the Dutch national snack. A minimum-priced double room at the new Marriott is billed at 115 guilders ($46), and a medium-priced *dubbele kamer* is 137.50 ($56).

The familiar doorknob breakfast (the Dutch are calling it the *deurknop ontbijt*), which you select the night before and hang the order on your *deurknop,* will relieve you of 9.25 guilders ($3.70) for juice, rolls, and coffee. The full breakfast—juice, cereal, eggs and bacon, and all that—is a major transaction. The current market price is 12 guilders ($4.80).

The cost of a blue-white one-carat diamond, so they assured me at the establishment of Van Moppes, $1,700 in 1971, is $6,500 now. The least expensive sparkler on the premises, a gem measured at .003 carats, is $50, but then you can charge it on your American Express card. About all I could afford at Van Moppes was a hamburger, which is available at its lunch counter for three guilders, or $1.20. On the other hand, if you show up with 100 visitors they'll *give* you a $50 ring, and if you can round up 500 visitors, or 25 tour groups, the award is a pair of 18-karat gold cuff links, each set with a fifth-of-a-carat diamond or, in the case of women, an 18-karat white-gold ring set with a one-third-carat diamond.

If you can afford diamonds, then you can afford to dine out at Amsterdam's better-known restaurants. At the Oesterbar, a seafood cocktail of crab, mussels, and sardines, or a shrimp cocktail, will lighten your exchequer by four dollars. Oysters from Zeeland, in the southwestern corner of the Netherlands, are—hold still, now—$15 a dozen, but then, I was assured, they are considered a national indulgence and carry a 16 percent luxury tax.

The Dutch adventure in the East Indies survives not only in memory but also in the countless Indonesian restaurants with which even the smallest towns in the farthest reaches are equipped. Bali, on the Leidsestraat, has long been the favored retreat of those surveyors who have sniffed out the best in every European city and publish their findings in guidebooks. One seer calls it "an unforgettable experience" and gives it his "highest possible recommendation." The experience is unforgettable, all right. The night I was there the bar was overflowing with tipplers who had tippled too far, and the big rooms were filled with guests who, emboldened by the beer or the Bols, I don't know which, were wont to break out in roistering song.

The waiters bearing the *super rijsttafel,* which the management also calls "The Works," assaulted the table with a vast array of beef bits, roast pork on wooden skewers, vegetables, peanuts, fried coconut, and the usual hot *sambals* and *krupuk,* the crunchy fried wafers. If it hadn't been for the din and the inglorious service, one might have taken a more kindly taste to the fare. To get "The Works" at Bali costs $14 per person before you plead for the first beer to put out the fire of the *sambals,* but if I had it to do all over again, I would search out a more modest exponent of Indonesian fare reminiscent of the gentle purlieus of Denpasar.

For those who come to Amsterdam in groups, the Marriott will stage what some wit has termed a "Dutch luau." The participants are dressed up in ruffled

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De Doelen Gate at Leiden—A pot of stew, a loaf of bread, and a herring.

collars and velvet coats and ushered into a chamber decorated with wall hangings of old Dutch scenes. Barrel-organ-grinders, strolling one-man bands, basket-weavers, and sign painters working with the flourish found on old scrolls are all part of the cast. Herring is on hand by the barrel, and so is smoked eel, Dutch pancakes, *Hollandse Biefstuk* (no Rib Room here), and a potage called *erwtensoep,* in which one can stand a spoon. The libations include the inevitable Dutch beer, Heineken's and Amstel, now both owned by the same company, and *genever,* the national gin, which comes in a crockery bottle and is sipped without the embellishments of vermouth, olives, or onions. A milder version does come with white raisins in the bottom of the glass and is served with a small spoon to retrieve them. Visitors who come to celebrate Amsterdam's seven hundredth anniversary and who are traveling in a group may well find their appetites whetted by the prospect of Marriott's Dutch luau. On the other hand, those who travel down to Leiden to commemorate the famed university's four hundredth anniversary will surely be reminded of hunger of another sort.

In 1574 the Spaniards laid a six months' siege to Leiden, during which 5,000 people, or a third of the population, died of hunger. By summer Burgomeister van der Werff cried his defiance of the Spanish encirclement. Drawing his sword, he told the people of Leiden, "You may eat me first; I will not surrender to the Spanish."

The city held out, and the invaders finally withdrew. If you believe in legends, then you will readily acknowledge the credibility of the story of Cornelis Joppensz, an orphan boy who in the autumn of 1574 was persuaded—six guilders having been the enticement—to venture through the lines to see if the foreign troops still held the city in a trap. Cornelis discovered that the Spaniards had departed and in such haste that a pot of stew was still on the fire. Forgetting those who had sent him on his mission, Cornelis devoured every last lick of the stew, which is called *hutspot.* A pot, said to be the original, is on display in Leiden's museum, and a bronze statue marks the place where Cornelis gorged himself.

Leiden's starving population was relieved by boats bearing white bread and herring to the defiant city. Today *hutspot* and white bread and herring are commemorative dishes in Leiden. William the Silent, Prince of Orange, rewarded the city by establishing the University of Leiden in 1575. Founded on liberal principles, the university has been spending much of the month of May in celebration. Lectures and demonstrations prepared by assorted faculty have been open to visitors. The city's merchants and manufacturers are participating, too, opening to public view everything from print shops to woolmaking. Street theater, concerts in the park, and every contest from football to chess are among the birthday celebrations. Foreign students—and they include a cosmopolitan variety from Indonesians to Americans—are staging a foreign bazaar.

The liberal air of the city also attracted a group of English Protestants, led by John Robinson, who came to Leiden, where they could freely exercise their principles of religious and civil liberties without oppression. Known as Puritans in England, where they opposed the Anglican church, Robinson's group lived in Leiden for 12 years before some of them began the journey back to England and so to board the *Mayflower* to establish a colony in Massachusetts. They were to be known as the Pilgrims.

American visitors, especially as the Bicentennial approaches, can search after Dutch origins of the American experiment, visiting the site of the house where John Robinson lived; the garden in which he held services; St. Peter's Church, where he is buried; and the house in the narrow alley where William Brewster, who taught English to the students at the University of Leiden, also operated an underground press. His printed criticisms of the Church of England were smuggled out to the old country in the false bottoms of butter kegs.

The Pilgrim Fathers' Documents Center, part of the municipal record office on Boisotkade 2A, has a fascinating collection of Pilgrim memorabilia. A map of Leiden in 1600 in the display cases shows the location of Robinson's house, Brewster's press on a sidestreet of Lange Pieterskerkkoorsteeg (opposite a Chinese restaurant now), as well as the home of William Bradford, who was to become a governor of Massachusetts. And that's how turkeys were born. □

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

ANA

Some time ago several readers wrote to scold me for referring to the ballad "Sweet Bessie From Pike." I deserved the scolding as a miserable typist and a worse proofreader. At the very time the typographical gremlins hoodwinked me into letting an absurdity slip by, I was working on a note headed "Was Betsy a lady?"

Betsy left Pike County to "cross the wide prairie with her lover Ike." She was tough, she had an explosive temper, she could be deadly; yet, before she blew up in Ike's face and divorced him, she and Ike were always hand in hand.

Allowing for the balladeers' freedom to girlify her in later versions, I suggest that Betsy took to the trail of song not as any sort of girl, but as the frontiersman's long rifle. *Betsy* was the invariable name for his rifle—as fixed in American idiom as is *Bossie* for "cow."

This usage is ultimately traceable to Dutch *dunderbus*, literally, "thunderbox," the name given the early short musket with a flared muzzle, as we find it portrayed on Thanksgiving greeting cards. In British-English, probably because of its scatter-blunder inaccuracy and readiness to misfire, the adopted word was modified to *blunderbuss*.

Early firearms and explosives were taken by most to be fiendish contrivances. I have a fourteenth-century Spanish tile that must be one of the first depictions of a musket being fired. The musketeer is a shaggy, naked, animal-headed, webfooted devil. The early *petard*, an explosive charge for breaching a wall (cf. Shakespeare's "hoist on his own petard," *i.e.*, "blown up by his own bomb") was given its name after Latin *pet*, from *pedere*, "to break wind." The language testifies that men saw such devices as base, loud, and stinking things. As firearms were improved, however, and as musketeers began to take pride in the power their guns gave them, *blunderbuss* was modified to the more affectionate *brown Bess*, which passed into American usage as *Betsy*, the frontiersman's true wife.

It may seem a long way from Dutch *dunderbus* to our girl of the Golden West, but that evolution is attestable step by step. The equally standard Americanism of *Bessie* for "cow," on the other hand, remains untraced.

Boss and its variants take up four columns in the *Oxford English Dictionary*. Some of its meanings are: a hump, a hassock, a hod, a swelling, a water main, a cask, a female relative, and various senses centered on the idea "to emboss." In Scottish *boss* developed the opposite sense of "a hollow," especially of a bodily concavity, as that between the ribs and the haunch. Nowhere in the *OED* is *boss*, given in any sense, connected with *cow*.

Nor are American dictionaries helpful. Most of them gloss the word as "origin unknown." Some refer it to "dialect usage" but without specifying the dialect—an obvious evasion.

In New England, farmers shout "Ho, Boss!" when calling their cows. In ancient Greek *ho bos* means "the cow." Is that duplication an accident? The midwestern hog call is based on "su-ee!" I take that usage to be about 8,000 years old: the Indo-European root from which we derive *swine* was *su-, su-i-*. If a Missouri farmer can speak Indo-European to his hogs, I will insist that a New England farmer can speak Greek to his cows. But how did these usages develop in America without British antecedents?

I have no clues to the survival of "su-ee." I will, however, borrow a lovely locution from Eric Partridge and "trepidate" that *Ho, Boss!* is a legacy from an early American college professor. The curriculum of the colonial college was based on Hebrew, Greek, and Latin—the languages of the biblical ministry. One of the standard perquisites of an early professorship was the right to graze a cow on campus. Come milking time, then, the professor put aside his books, picked up his pail and stool, and went out to milk his perquisite, displaying the dignity of his office by calling his cow in Greek. His students would have heard, understood the game, and joined in it, taking *ho bos* home when school was out, and leaving it to Dad and the hired man as *Ho, Boss!*

I have not, let me repeat, asserted this derivation; I have "trepidated" it. I will insist intrepidly, however, that it does better than "origin unknown," and certainly better than a note reading "perhaps from dialect"—the dialect being left unspecified. □

"Sorry, it's after-hours."

WIT TWISTER NO. 47

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 59.

She did some — — — — —
— — for the youthful priest
Who soon, to his — — — — —
— —, was passion's slave.
Now round the — — — — —
— — pillars, like a beast,
He gleefully pursues her through the nave!

A. S.

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Double-Crostic No. 74

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 G	2 U		3 X	4 M	5 A	6 J		7 U		8 K	9 R	10 V	11 D	12 Q	13 N	14 M
	15 S		16 X	17 J	18 I	19 D		20 E	21 H	22 Q	23 J		24 S	25 M		26 V
27 I	28 O		29 U	30 E	31 M	32 K		33 A	34 Q	35 N	36 C	37 F	38 X	39 P		40 X
41 I	42 C		43 X	44 R	45 D	46 U	47 F	48 C	49 Q		50 J	51 W		52 K	53 Q	54 F
55 T	56 V	57 O		58 V	59 D	60 I	61 N		62 S	63 T	64 A	65 C		66 N	67 D	68 L
69 B	70 U		71 V	72 F		73 I	74 K	75 B	76 J	77 X		78 R	79 T	80 O	81 K	82 C
83 A		84 W	85 J		86 B	87 D	88 G	89 H	90 K	91 C	92 P	93 W		94 H	95 O	96 U
	97 U		98 D	99 J	100 E	101 V		102 G	103 C	104 L	105 X		106 A	107 B	108 Q	109 F
110 I	111 O	112 H		113 L	114 T		115 J	116 P	117 X	118 K		119 S	120 E	121 O	122 T	123 Q
124 H	125 M	126 C		127 L	128 S	129 Q		130 U	131 M	132 C		133 E	134 I	135 L	136 W	137 R
138 F	139 H	140 S		141 A	142 B	143 W		144 B	145 C	146 E	147 P		148 C	149 N	150 N	151 D
152 M	153 Q	154 U	155 K	156 J		157 P	158 E	159 W		160 B	161 G	162 J	163 V		164 I	165 T
166 K	167 E	168 N		169 J	170 S		171 W	172 V	173 O	174 B	175 L	176 N	177 S	178 F		179 G
180 H	181 X	182 S	183 D	184 Q	185 K	186 W										

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Self-important	5 33 64 83 106 141
B. Work for which English actor Joe Miller (1684–1738) is unjustifiably famous	160 174 69 75 86 107 142 144
C. Otto, Anna, Lon Nol, etc.	36 48 82 91 145 42 65 103 126 132 148
D. Glaring, flagrant	151 183 11 19 45 59 67 87 98
E. Sketch in outline (2 wds.)	100 146 167 133 20 30 120 158
F. Jostled	178 37 54 72 109 138 47
G. Sensational	102 161 179 1 88
H. Immoral or criminal action	94 124 139 112 180 21 89
I. Military strength	110 134 150 164 18 27 41 60 73
J. A nickname for Connecticut (2 wds.)	85 99 115 169 23 156 162 6 17 50 76
K. Book by Anne Morrow Lindbergh (3 wds., followed by WORD L)	155 166 32 74 90 118 185 8 52 81
L. See WORD K	104 175 127 135 68 113
M. Game in which one side doesn't score	125 131 4 14 25 31 152
N. Philosophy of "the Angelic Doctor"	168 61 149 35 176 13 66
O. Absolutely and totally, for instance	95 121 173 28 111 57 80
P. Move with a sibilant sound, as small waves on the shore	92 147 157 39 116
Q. "He turn'd him right and round about / Upon the ——" (2 wds.; Burns, "It Was A' for Our Rightfu' King")	12 22 184 49 123 129 153 53 108 34
R. Jot, whit	44 137 9 78
S. Teensy (comp.)	182 140 177 62 119 15 24 128 170
T. 1905 song by Alex Rogers and Bert Williams	55 63 165 114 122 79
U. Unfriendliness	7 96 154 2 46 70 97 130 29
V. Endure, wait for (2 wds.)	26 58 101 172 71 56 10 163
W. Disreputable, notorious	84 186 171 136 93 51 143 159
X. Relative of calvados	40 43 77 181 38 3 117 16 105

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 73* appears on page 23.

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Some Incredulous Things

Having read the *Light Refractions* that told of Dr. Lois DeBakey's efforts to teach doctors to speak and write plain, understandable English, my friend Bob Van Scoyk called to ask me if I'd seen a story in the newspaper about a woman in New York—an English actress, he said—who is giving diction lessons to New York cab drivers. I hadn't. I agree with Bob, though, that while it's an excellent idea to make doctors easily understood, teaching New York cab drivers to speak Standard English English—or even Standard American English—is a terrible idea in the first place, and is almost certainly impossible in the second place. New York cab drivers have their own Standard Speech, and we contend if Richard Burton ever obtained a New York hack license, he would have to be taught Standard New York Cabby English. It's one of New York's leading tourist attractions. If I got into a cab at Kennedy Airport and the driver said, "Where would you like to go, sir?" instead of "Weah to, Mac?" I'd look for the Candid Camera, and failing to find it, I'd suspect foul play. As Van Scoyk says, "You shouldn't try to teach the King's English to guys from Queens." Any New York cab driver who doesn't lean out his window at least twice a day and holler, "Wyuncha loin hodda droive?" at other motorists is not to be trusted.

As I say, I didn't see the story myself, but I'm sure Bob didn't invent it. I just hope AP or UPI or whoever it was got it all wrong. Say it ain't da troot.

Speaking of newspapers getting things wrong reminds me of some clippings sent to me a few weeks ago by Mrs. Robert E. Ruhoff of Portsmouth, Ohio. Mrs. Ruhoff has an eagle eye and has found a bouquet of bloopers. She says, "I am enclosing examples of the use of a word that is totally incorrect but vaguely resembles the correct word in sound. . . . I know nothing about the composition of a newspaper; are all the articles read aloud to the compositors or printers? Could you touch on this in one of your articles for the *Saturday Review* and, if possible, reassure us that we are not approaching a time when no one knows what the other person really means?"

I don't know much about the composition of a newspaper, either, and I've wondered about some of those typos from time to time.

- From the sports pages of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, Mrs. Ruhoff has plucked a bit about Catfish Hunter, who "even tried to minimize the incredulous deal he made with the New York Yankees."
- From an ad placed by a jeweler in the same paper, "14 karat gold buckle bracelet . . . many bagels and others from which to choose."

Come to think of it, I suppose a bagel is a lot of dough for a ring.

- Also from the *Enquirer*: an eight-column headline saying, "Theater Magnets Indicted For Fraudulent Use Of Star Names." Samuel Insull was, presumably, an electromagnet.
- The *Columbus Dispatch* had a story about President Ford's speech at the Ohio State University commencement exercises. According to the *Dispatch*, the president of Ohio State, Harold Enarson, said that President Ford "had gone for the juggler." I've never heard Mr. Enarson speak, but I'll bet he didn't say "juggler." There must be presidents of great universities who say, "go for the juggler" and "nucular explosions," but I suspect that the fault here lies in the *Dispatch*'s typography. In any case, the President evidently went for the juggler in vein, or we'd have heard more about it.
- My favorite of Mrs. Ruhoff's clippings consists of a pair, one from the *Cincinnati Enquirer* and one from the *Portsmouth Times*. Dick Forbes, writing in the *Enquirer*, quotes Mike Reid, defensive tackle for the Cincinnati Bengals: " 'I would imagine the people in town are sick of hearing of my quest for inner peace,' he said. 'I know exactly what I'm going to do. I've got myself searched out.' " The *Portsmouth Times*, presumably telling the same story, datelined Cincinnati (AP), said, " 'I would imagine the people are sick of hearing of my guest for dinner piece,' said the former Penn State star."

Another "guest for dinner piece" I know of was written by Kaufman and Hart.

Responding to Mrs. Ruhoff's question about "approaching a time when no one knows what the other person really means," I don't think that's a serious danger, except in the area of intentional doublespeak, as practiced by bureaucrats, authorities, and others (like many advertising people) who intentionally frame their language to deceive. The danger lies in language that appears to say something but, on closer examination, says nothing. The misuse of language found by Mrs. Ruhoff in her newspapers really serves more to delight than to baffle.

Like Standard New York Cabby English, it spices the language. □

"Hold it! Hold it one damn Bicentennial minute!"

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 57): charing, chagrin, arching.

Answer to Fraser Young *Literary Crypt No. 34* (see page 46): When I thought I had been learning how to live, I had only been learning how to die.
Leonardo da Vinci

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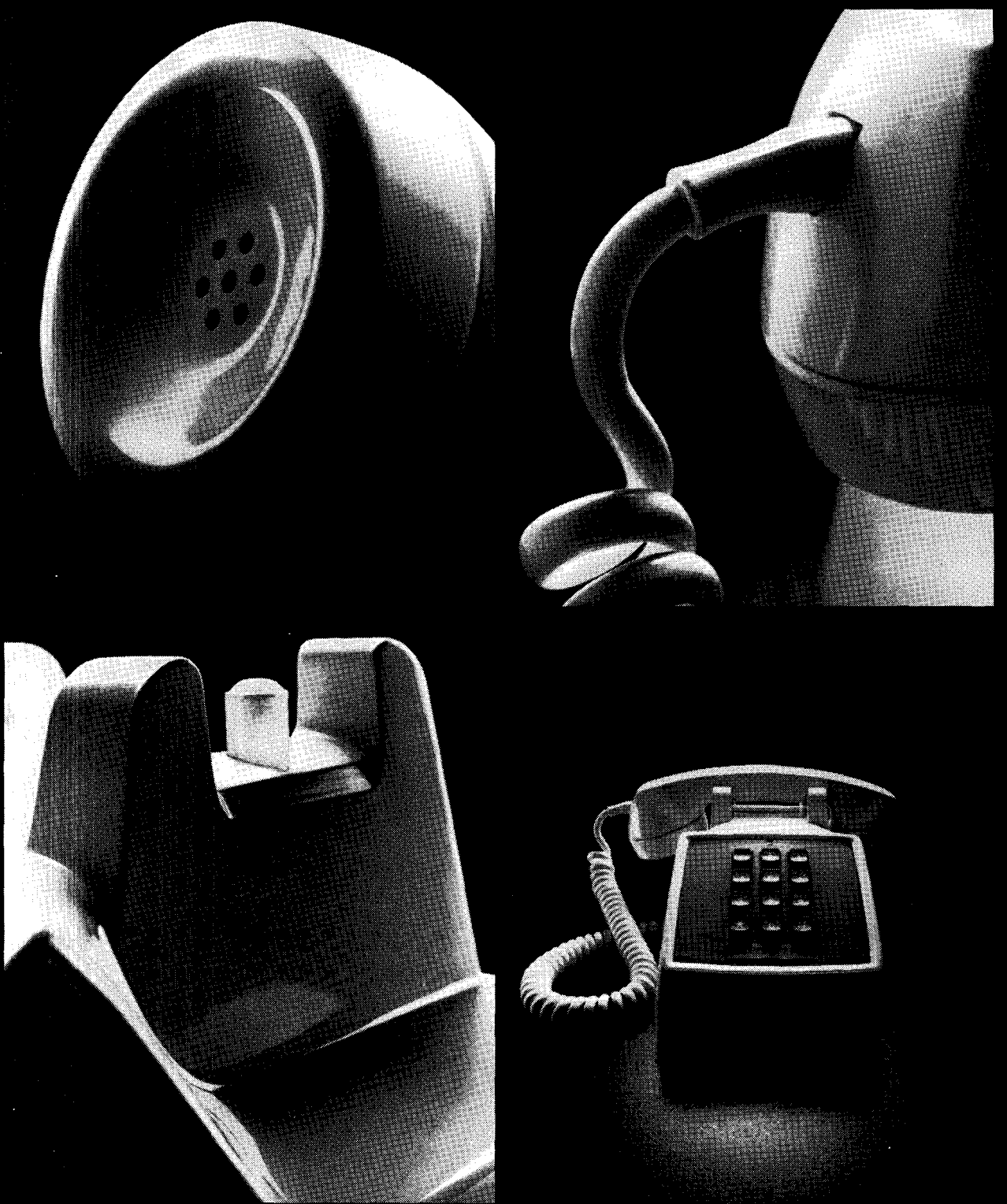

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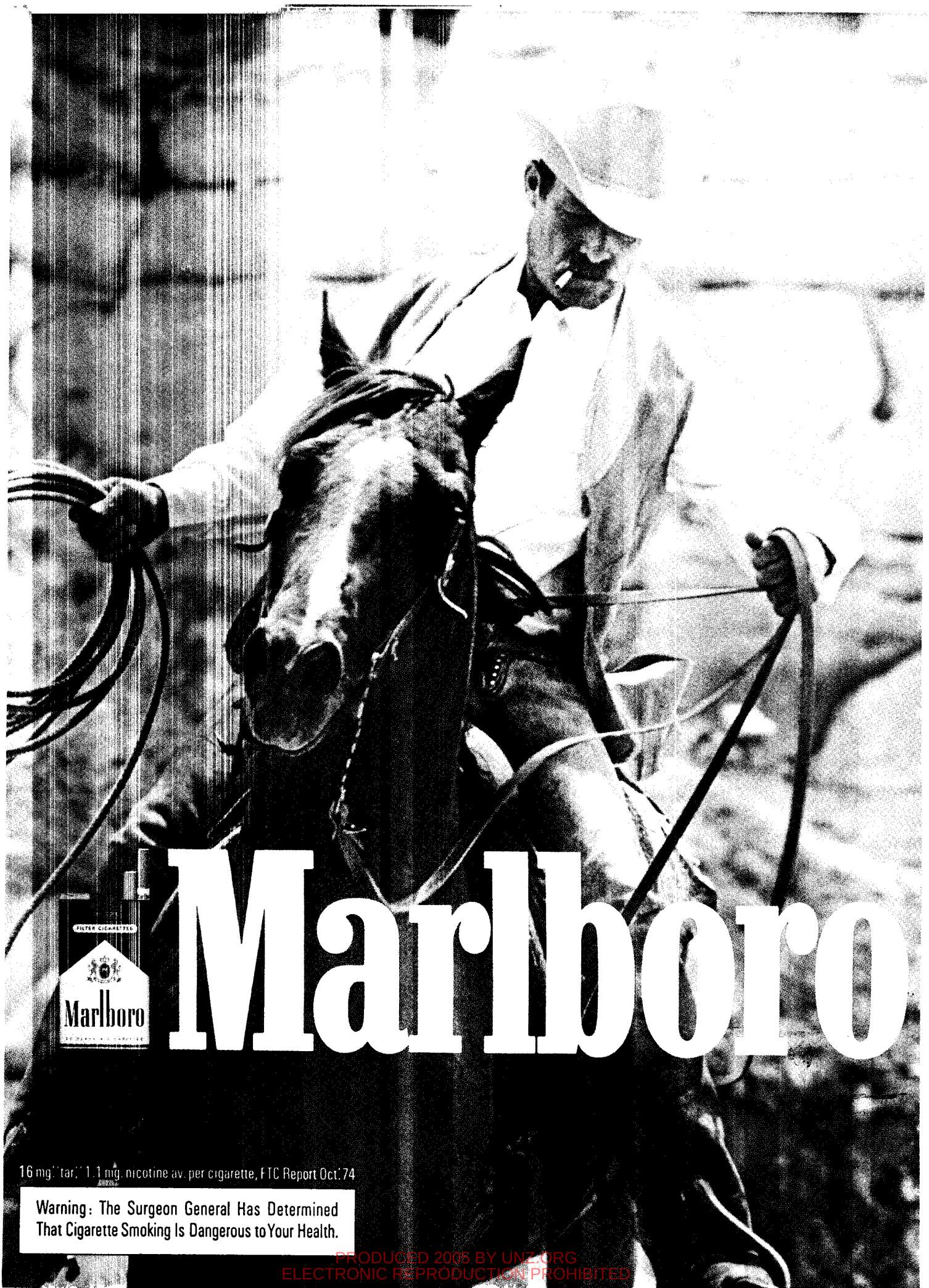

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